

YELLOWSTONE LETTERS

RUBE SHUFFLE VALET

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Barry Bulkley
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Washington, 1906

A. G. Heaton



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YELLOWSTONE LETTERS



Yellowstone Letters

BY

RUBE SHUFFLE, Valet, *pseud.*

WRITTEN FROM THE NATIONAL PARK
TO HIS SWEETHEART

ILLUSTRATED BY A. G. HEATON

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Preface

THE following letters first came to the notice of the writer of this preface when he was visiting a family of Chicago friends who had passed the summer of 1903 at their villa some distance up Lake Michigan. Upon a chance reference, after dinner, to the Yellowstone region, the genial hostess said that a good-looking maid who waited at table had shortly before confided to her, in assurance of the character of an attentive lover, certain extensive epistles he had written to her while travelling through the National Park as a valet. These were obligingly produced, upon an expression of curiosity, and seemed, despite the illiteracy of the man, so clear and copious in their description of the wonderful region he saw, and so original and at times amusing in their observations of human nature from his familiar standpoint, as to promptly suggest publication. Their writer, Rube Shuffle, happened to call that evening upon his sweetheart in the kitchen and, upon being asked to come to the library, was quite

gratified by the proposition, not only from an evident pride in his productions but from the possibility of material aid to his early matrimonial plans.

Therefore, after an editing extending but little beyond the excision of superfluous capitals, these letters are given to the public in the belief that they will interest and entertain, not only past and prospective Yellowstone tourists but also the more sedentary reader, by giving a better idea of the Park tour in fact and spirit than the vague eloquence or scientific gravity of more formal writers.

A. G. HEATON.

Washington, D. C., 1906.

NOTE.—It may be added that the names of persons referred to in these letters are omitted for evident reasons, and, further, that, as the "Count" decided, a while after return to Chicago, to go abroad for an indefinite period, Rube left a position that had become uncongenial to resume his dress coat as a head waiter in a well-known hotel. His marriage has since completed his felicity.

LETTER NO. 1.

CHICAGO, Tuesday, July 14, 1903.

ME DEAR SOPHIE ANN,

I havn't wrote you for quite a spell, but, as you might ha' knowed from me last, things was a goin mighty bad. Us waiters at the hotel was ordered to strike. I was gittin pay enuf and stackin up a lot ov red chips to the good an I felt kind o' sore to cast off an live on savins an dignity, speshly as dignity aint over high feedin. Howsumever, quite onexpected, me botherin wus ended an me clouds got silver plated sure. Jus here's why I'm a crowin speshul now.

There wus a young swell at me table what allus cum in late an wus allus most perticlar as to his grub, a havin it hot when it ought to be, an never havin his wine over cold. But his tips to me an the head waiter an the chef, wich is the boss cook, was proportional. So, when I sizes him up as full blood an fat stuf, I just wears out a track in that marble floor a waitin on him. Well, two days ago, ater he'd lef nigh a glass in his quart bottle ov high an dry fur me an was a sippin of his petty ver, he up an says, "Rube, how would you like to go with me to Yellerstun Park?" I was that dun over at his social way as I thot he

had sure took some nips afore dinner, but I says, "Count," (I allus calls him that to sweatin him like)—I says, commencin, "Count, there's no sich park about Chicago. The parks here is named Lincoln Park an Jackson Park an both is fine show places. But I thanks you pertickler an, if I can get off me juties, I'll be most pleased to drive out wid you." At that he lafs hearty. Then says he, "You dont understan me, Rube; I see you know nothin of Yellerstun Park." "No, Count," I speaks up, "I never yet heard tell o' it to now in me travels. What city might it be in?" showin a ignerence, me dear, that now shames me mighty. After laffin once more, he says, "The Yellerstun Park is a nash-nul un, about seventy mile square, away in the Rocky Mountings. This bein the best sesun to go, I've made up me mind to take the tower an I wants a man as vally. You seem a dutiful sort o' feller and I'll make wages all right to pay you for leavin your posishun here." I was so took aback that I dropped the coffy cup I was a removin of, but that time the head waiter's freezin stare didnt faze me no how. I jus says, cautious like but mighty full o' feelin, "Count, I have, certain, a good place in this here hotel an gets fine tips from many gents as shows up at me table, but none is so high minded as you be an I likes you too much to turn down such a offer, bein as vallys is held wery respectable. When does you want me services?" Then he says, "In three days we'll start. Meet me tomorrer mornin outside

LETTER NO. 1

the hotel an I'll take you to sum department store or big tailer's an get you a outfit." So, when he walks from the dinin room, I goes to that head waiter wid me check rein on an head up, an, when he begins a gassin about that little coffey cup, I tells him me powers to please him is wain an I quits that night. The boys never seed him that wilted afore. That was two days off, as I sed. Now I'm rigged out in great shape an me an the Count starts tomorrer night fur that Yellerstun place. I'm awful sorry, Sophie Ann, as you've took service in the country this summer an as how I cant see you afore I goes away so sudden, but I knows you'll be as rejoicin at me good luck as a rabbit eatin a carret, an I sends you two tenners in this to keep you smilin, seein I'm now flush wid me back pay an some green gush me boss forked over, previous like, to make me easy, he says, about goin. So dont be dismal any, Sophie Ann, fur I thinks you fine as strawberry short cake an cream an, a'most every day as I can, I'll rite you from that Yellerstun tower to show I keeps you constant in mind an am a hopein fur them times when we'll have no more partins day nor night, bein as I am, truly an forever,

Your lovin

RUBE SHUFFLE.

P. S.—I'll number this letter and udders I rites aterwards frum that ere Yellerstun tower, so you'll know if they comes reglar. Seein as the tower, the Count says, is a matter o' nigh

seven thousand foot higher nor Chicago, the carrier maynt cum up every day, but ther'll sure be some elewators.

P. S. 2.—These last words asks you, Sophie Ann, not to be over particlar if me ritin isn't like copy books an me spellin aint allus the kind you sees in printin. Me edicashun, ater sum schoolin, bein mostly waitin, I can only rite éasy like as I talks, an spell words as they sounds. But you'll git the meat, if it aint allus rightly cooked an hasn't allus the sauce you fancies. So I hopes you'r that hungry to hear frum your own Rube as all me letters will taste good.

P. S. 3.—A vally is a sort of lady's maid to a man what cant take care ov hisself or dont want to. A English chap I knows sounds it vallett, but folks as has been in Paree says vally is the proper lingo, the same as bally for them dancin girls.

LETTER NO. 2.

LIVINGSTON, MONTANA, Saturday, July 18.
ME DEAR SOPHIE ANN,

Here we be, mighty fur frum Chicago an I'm up early this cool sunny mornin, afore enybody is out ov ther births an wile our cars is quiet on a sidin, to rite about our bang up journey.

Leavin home the day after me last letter on Wensday at 10 P.M. we stops next mornin at a city they calls Minyaplis, wich has sure a fine layout an a hansum town hall wid a stavin tower. There I finds, in talkin to me boss, how that word "Tower" means as well a sort ov travellin lark sich as we's a takin to the Rocky Mountings, so what I sed about letters wus just rubbish. We starts on frum Minyaplis that Thursday night. Friday mornin, whilst yet in Minysoty, I seed sich big wheat fields an farmin places as ther is about nowhere. Then we gits into Dakoty wich is nigh all open rollin prary but there's stirrin little places spotted along where folks is allus on the jump about cattle an crops, to keep frum bakin black in summer an freezin stiff in winter times. They nigh bakes us yesterday. In the aternoon we cums into Montany, a country lookin

that dreary as we feels like a worm goin over a asphalt street. Howsumever, we soon runs mostly nigh the Yellerstun River, goin up the course ov it the rest ov the day and night. Early this mornin we gits here an the train sheds our cars on this sidin afore goin on west. A feller on the train who wus up in the Park lass year tells me as how, comin back, the cars gits here late in the evenin to lay over til day. Then he says like this. Sum ov us men had a notion ov seein the town a bit. Shops an saloons was open late an things very lively. When a few ov us starts to find our cars again a porter says they's up the road a ways an we tramps along in the dark amung cars and tracks over a good bit ov Montany afore we sees em. Fellers stayin longer an drinkin more had sure a hard time. Two dont show up til daylight, pretending they got lost an had to sleep on the tracks, but praps they'd heerd as licker wus agin the Park rules an wanted one cheerin night afore goin in.

Livingston is a hummin little place wid a swagger stun station an nigh a iron bridge crossin the Yellerstun River here, wich same I looks at more curus now as it seems, a sparklin in the mornin sun, to ask a feller to take a drink on the stacks ov things its got to show where we'r a goin. Up to now I sees me boss quite sparely, him bein in a swell sleeper an I funder for'd in the train, but when we stopped now an agen an I walked sum on platforms, I seed him a smokin wid gents quite social an a swarmin like wid the

style in wimen folks aboard, special in a sort ov open pen wid a brass railin at the back end car.

Onct he says to me, "Are you gittin along all right, Rube?" an I says, "Yes, Count, every-thing's a smilin." Ater that, sumhow, the gals is about him more nor ever an a lookin interested an happy, no matter what he talks or even if he don't talk at all. In my car I seed no sich game, even wus I a huntin fur it, wich you knows, Sophie Ann, as I aint when lovin you so powerful. But the females nigh where I sot wus that busy wid kids or that cold an careless in their ways, whilst a chawin their gum, as to make me quiet as a mouse in a mattrass. I might pull in a smile every minit on State street fur only one I gits yesterday on this train, but that gal wus sure too common lookin fur you to be riled about. As to men, they wus a talkin continual about cat-tle an siles an reapers an crops an ores an court trials an wedder, havin mostly manners that ordinary as wud make a Chicago waiter gent feel shameful to be a practicin ov. But sum on em wus likely chaps, wearin clean shirts an not sayin so much, an I reckon as them wus hustlers. A lot I hears talkin wus Sweed an German fellers what's thick in these here new countrys.

There wus nobody on the train I ever seed afore exceptin two drummers I waited on now an again at the Chicago hotel. But them travellin men allus goes in swell cars, an when I meets em onct on a platform, they didnt know me in me vally clos until I speaks up an asks em

if they wus still havin the best things on the bill o' fare. On anoder platform, where we waits a bit fur a frate train, I had a pleasin talk wid a young gent what's a docter. He sed he wus in a party goin to the Yellerstun Park too. There's a professor an his wife an three young lady teachers makin it up. They wus goin, he sed, to the Wylie Permanent Camps, where folks bunks in tents insted ov hotels, seein as they cud each save fifteen dollars by it an thought it wud be amusin. He sed the Park tower costs fifty dollars one way an thirty-five the udder. It wusn't a matter o' savin wid me, says I, bein as me friend the Count invited me, so I thought we wus goin to hotels, but didn't know wich way wus most pleasin. Then he sed it wus a matter o' fancy, aside frum the fifteen dollars or more, an sum folks hadn't Counts handy. Sum dont count the cost. Sum likes a change ov livin an sum dont. He heerd say as there wus wery nice people goin both ways an as all wus made cumftable. I'll hope to see him sum time again. Now I cant rite no more, as a engin is backin down to take our cars south to a place named Gardiner, so I mails this letter, knowin its me lass chance to reach you so speedy an sayin as how I'm bloomin in helth an lovin in heart continual.

Your'n, steady an true,

RUBE SHUFFLE.

LETTER NO. 3.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS HOTEL,
Sunday, July 19th.

ME DEAR SOPHIE ANN,

As it's rainin this four-noon here, I've lots ov time to rite how we cum here yesterday mornin an what we does in the aternoon an a bit about this place we's at, but the describin o' it all stumps me sure. I'm like a gent what has a duck to carve afore company, wid a dull knife, an when the jints is like Japanese puzzles tied by wires. If, dear, you only wants slices ov breast an sum stuffin, I may do it, but dont ask for a bit ov the leg. Here goes, anyway.

Leavin Livinstun soon ater eight yesterday mornin an comin south, we, by an by, gets into what's called a "canyon," wich yous livin in Chicago cud never rightly understan from natur thereabout. Any street nigh the new post-offis mite praps give some small idee, but, to get onto it more actual, jus take a lot o' them sky scrapers an pile em four or five deep, slantin an irreglar like, along each side o' some twisted boolevard for nigh a mile, an blast that boolevard all up an let a big main bust an run down the middle o' it, leavin a road alongside, an you can put up

what I seed in Yellerstun Canyon, wid Yellerstun River into it. The rocks is that ruff an dreary as it seems only a jail bird lightin out frum a twenty year term cud have fust run up to hide anywhere an found em. This here canyon, wich they says is a Spanish name for a big break in mountings, lets out onto what they calls Pair-o-dice Valley, but I seed no craps bein played an only a wide green grazin place wid a mounting named Emigrants' Peek nigh one end ov it. A mounting, Sophie Ann, is like a stunin big circus tent some thousands ov feet high but made ov rocks. When there's one ring like, its called a "Peek," an when there's a lot ov rings its called a "Chain" and takes in all the outside shows. A feller by me sed we was above four thousand foot over sea anyway an this Peek was six thousand higher yet. Then we goes along anuder canyon higher sided an more crouded up nor the fust, bein "Yankee Jim Canyon," an havin a lot o' fish in that Yellerstun River rushin along by the road. Here there's Cinnabar Mounting wid its "Devil's Slide" wich is two thousand foot steep atween two natral walls an very curus. If ole Nick started on that big toboggan wid lether trowsers even, he sure had none left when he got to the bottom.

Ater more nor fifty mile ov my neck strainin to see them ragged rock canyons, the train comes puffin to the end ov its track at a station named Gardiner, as if it swore off frum eny more climin.

The station buildin is hansum sure, bein made ov big pine logs wid the ends painted green an long platform sheds simler, but I wasn't havin much time jus then fur admirin ov it. Every feller an every female wus a tumblin out ov all the cars an a good many wus a runnin fur some yaller stages on the far side o' that platform drivin for the Yallerstun Park Associashun. The young folks wus swarmin onto the tops of em an udders was a crowdin inside. Me boss gits a top seat all right, an ater I gives his dress suit cases an my bag to the porter, I finds one left behind him. Then I sees the greatest play I knows ov. Whilst them porters is a packin up the small baggage behind the stages under a lether cover, some coves is goin around wid linin coats to rent fur the tower at a dollar a piece. Next time me luck goes bad you can see me jus here a rentin them fifty cent dusters, costin a quarter to wash, an takin in about ten dollars a summer on each ov em. Before we starts I sees a stage wid green fly nets onto the hosses an a man says it drives fur the Wylie Campin Company what bunks its folks in tents at the night stops in the Park. It starts a bit later, ater ther folks has had a early meal at a dinin room. Well, at lass, them five or six stages has about twenty-five folks each all aboard, whips cracks an the six hoss teams jumps off lively, passin a few sheds an wood houses. In a minnit we rolls thru a stun archway, bein a kind o' show front gate to the Park. Then we turns south an goes easy like

up a good kept road by the Gardiner River wid more ragged hills each side, til, ater risin, they says, two thousand foot in five miles, we drives across a open place to this hotel. The flat open place is sure half as big as Lincon Park, wid mighty steep mountings all aroun, like a long shaped puddin dish. Along one side o' this grassy field is the hotel an stables an coach sheds an some few houses an shops. At one end is the sojers' post wid a row ov verry neat white painted wood houses fur the captings an a long buildin back an two rows o' tan colored tents a bit aside, an a flag pole. Way at the udder end, an reachin nigh across, we sees a high bank all whitish like an wery curus lookin. Across from us is a steepish hill wid a old house an some cannon onto it. The hotel isnt rightly Mammoth, that meanin sum springs I'm a goin to tell about; but its a fine appearin long wood buildin four or five stories high wid a long, fine piazzzy. Goin in, amongst the folks a lookin at us come up, we finds a big offis hall all fixed up wid big flags an havin counters where they sell tickets an papers an fotos an cigars an sich. All the walls is only rough sand plastered now, but I hears they calkerlate on a finer hotel yet some day.

There bein no elewator, I takes me boss' suit cases up stairs ater him to a big room all nice furnished an puts out his things handy, havin me fust juties in unpackin learned easy. Ater his silver backed lay out is fixed as he tells me, I finds me room nigher the roof an lines up me

brush an comb an tooth brush an shavin outfit similar, tho lackin a lot o' swagger truck sich as his'n. But I likes things genteel an does as I can. When I goes down an hunts a bit about the halls an piazzy an billard room, I finds the Count agin. He ses he's been a gittin some cold tea, lickier bein agin the Park rules; but, ater his high rollin in Chicago, I never knowd any gent turn to local option so smilin an peacable. He's sure a sample in lovin the spirit ov the law. I was that imitation as I tried to find some cold tea too, but I didnt know how that day.

Soon the dinin room doors opens an the Count goes in to one o'clock dinner, wich is country style here, wid a splurgin widder an her two dauters what was in his car an in the tally-ho a comin up. That widder sports a dozen diments a travellin, like wimen as hasn't had em wery long, an talks that continual as I never knowd how she got enuf to eat to get so fat. By an by I'm let in to a fur table an sees as there's coon waiters. When my nigger fetched in a stack o' dishes I didn't order an forgot what I did an lay'd for a quarter wid a saucer o' toothpicks, I some how seed my former callin wery different. So I tries a bluff as onct seemed wery contemptuous, an I says, "Sam, I pays a high hotel bill coverin everything. You gets a salary fur your waitin, an you dont half know how to wait. You brings a lot of dishes, scarce eny of what I wanted, an then wants a quarter or a half at each feed. Its a imposishun." Then I walks away

as severe as some gents what's giv me this to chew. Sam didn't say nothing at all, but that evenin at supper him an all them other coons was that deff an near sighted as I had to get the head waiter to show em I wus in the dinin room, an then, ater half a hour more, the grub I got was cold leavins. When I thinks that I wus sometimes practicin the shameful ways ov them niggers, I feels mighty mean an mortified. However, bein hungry this mornin an onable, ater that bluff, to say as I'd bin sort ov in the same lodge, I jus shells out a half dollar, swell as a drummer, an coons wus around my table as thick as blue bottle flies.

But I'm servin my fish afore the soup, so I'll go back to yesterday aternoon. About a hour ater lunch, a lot uv us towerist folks is rounded up to go see that big white bank I've spoke of what looked as it was covered wid snow that wasn't a meltin in the hot sun, an had water falls as wasn't a fallin any. Them Wylie stages had gone by a bit sooner, their people seein that curus bank where the hot springs is an then drivin on six miles to Willow Camp, wich is the first place they sleeps at.

Sum of our folks goes in wagins, but the Count hears as its seed better afoot, so we takes it cheapest. Now I knows we ought to ha' rid up an footed back. Well, we tracks along by the stores, what sells Injun notions an specimens an amost everything, an gits to the fur end nigh the high bank where the sile is all like mixed white



Viewing the Cascades

clay an lime. Standin front is what's named the Liberty Cap. Its a kind o' rough piller forty foot high, lookin as it was made ov cartloads o' lightish soap. Sum calls it a formashun from stuff overflowin gradual like at the top. Passin on, we begins climbin that white clay hill an folks as has black specktales puts em on to stop blinkin. Soon we stops mighty astonished, seein rows an rows ov scolloped cascades seemin like tons o' taller what had melted over a lot o' high curvin steps wid pools ov bluin water on the steps an the borders an some ov the cascades colored red an yeller, like juice an fat ov a fine roast o' beef or the sides of a light roasted turkey. Them solid cascades, wedder white or stained, was that hansum as no painted fotos cud give any rightful idee ov em. Their names is that fanciful as I don't well mind em but they sounds wery elegant. Then we goes climbin on up that glarin hill side blinkin an sweatin an seein more taller falls all aroun, til we gits onto the flat top. Here its a sort o' lime crust where we has to walk keerful, an we tracks along to a big shaller pool seemin as bluin water was bilin in a white enamel sauce pan on a hot fire an smellin powerful o' sulfer. The steam is allus risin thick but the borders is that fine colored an the water that charmin as no body minds bein het up a lookin at it. One o' them Misses what the Count has run into sez as its jes the lovliest ceruleum blue she ever seed an the borders is like corals an opals. That blue sulfer water's overflowin

gradual down a big cliff at the east side what we sees later frum below, but we peeks over careful to see the colorin at the edge. Then we follows the porter what's a guidin us an goes about that hot risky lime field lookin at udder bilin pools o' bluin water an a wonderin where it all kum from. This here great high terris, as they calls it, spreadin so fur an wide, seems like a big drift o' chalk or a fearful large runnin sore o' lime an hot water frum the side o' the wooded mounting west'rd, an if that mounting has any feelins it sure must be a sufferin painful inside. Anyhow, wid all them bilin pools, its the finest nat'ral place fur a fust class laundry bizness as ever I see. Lookin tow'rd the mounting, we takes notis ov sum more terrises among the trees.

It wus jus then we ought to ha bin contented an warm enuf an have lit out fur this hotel. But that guide puts up a bunco game dead an easy. He says as there's sum more wonderful shows funder up. Then we drags, sweatin an blinkin in the glare, up throo more lime to anoder terris wid bilin blue pools, an anoder, an yet anoder, all gettin poorer like but showin up back seenry fine, ontill the widder an amost all the older pussons gits bad blowed.

What we sees here an there is a job lot o' left over springs an holes an rocks, mostly named fur old Satan, seemin as them what giv the names knowed scarce nobody else. Even a parson, in amongst us wid his son, gits kind o' weary over em, praps havin to talk so much agin old Nick

hisself, an tells a lot o' heathen words as ud suit him better. Durin all this climbin, we fust gits to knowin Rocky Mounting miskitos, an they's so glad to see us an so busy introducin of each udder as we has scarce any time for knowin ourselves. Afore we gits out o' them woods where they has their aternoon claret cups so intimate, that deludin guide herds us up onto a spring wich, bein wery thirsty, we'r joyful to see till, in drinkin, we finds it warm an that stinkin wid sulfer as makes us mournfuller than we wuz yet. Then we passes anoder hot spring in the woods whats builded a pile like a big hay stack, but seemin made o' soap an taller wid sum colorin. Its called the Orange Geyser an is sure most curus. At lass, we comes a wadin an a slidin down a long lime-dust hill like a big ash heap, an ater shakin off the dust a bit an stoppin to see agin some o' them stunnin cascades, lookin as a lot o' taller had run down a pile o' books an got stained yellor an red from the bindins, we drags back sweatin an weary to the hotel, sayin every-thing we seed is wonderful an surprisin, even them misquitos.

Whatever the rest ov us does, me boss goes imediate fur sum more o' that cold tea.

Now I ends this letter, Sophie Ann, so as it may go by the stage this aternoon to the train, but seein as its still rainin I'll sure have time to night to rite ov what all on us done last evenin an whats took place today.

Hopein, me dear, as you'r florishin an lively,

but not too lively whilst I'm so fur away, I'm
allus yourn,

Lovin an true,

RUBE SHUFFLE.

P. S.—I rites a bit more to say as whilst on
the stage yesterday fournoon a comin up from
Gardiner, we passes across the line from Montana
into Wyoming where this Nashnul Park mostly
lies. Lookin jus then wery attentive at a eagle's
nest up on a Pint, I didn't actilly see that line,
an we didn't jolt any, as I remembers, over
nothin, but the driver sed it was in red ink done
very strong.

LETTER NO. 4.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS HOTEL,

Sunday night, July 19th.

ME DEAR SOPHIE ANN,

Me letter rit today went off, as I ment, on one ov them tally-hos startin at six this aternoon fur Gardiner, takin folks to the train what had bin doin the Park an got here about four o'clock.

Now I goes back to yesterday. Soon ater we gits back hot an weary frum the terris, we washes up an sets watchin folks as cum in frum the tower then. Sum wus a bit tired but they wus mostly acquainted an talkin togedder wery social an gay, swappin stories an idees ov what they'd seen an a sayin as they would'nt have missed it all fur nothin. They jus acted, them few hours they wus here, like as they owned the hotel an as we folks wus all greenhorns. Ater we seed em ridin away an hurrawin at enybody about, folks goes into supper, but, whilst waitin my turn, I walks over to the sojer's Post to see the two companies whats here linin up fur inspectin. They all stands steady as a row ov sherry glasses on a shelf. Then a young feller goes as he wus a walkin on chalk lines to a officer in front. Then a boss officer cums up, stunnin as a decanter, an

almost all ov em acts like as sum one was a jerkin em wid strings. When all's dun verry proper an drillin's over an names is called an papers showd, them sojers gits loose agin an limber as enybody.

Ater me supper, I sees folks along the piazzy lookin at them fine mountings an that white steamin terris whilst the sun's a settin. They mostly dont know each udder so well, savin as they got talkin when troopin about them hot springs in the aternoon. But sum wimen allus wants to exchange sassiety directeries afore they speaks. Then there's a good many what looks as they'd never heard tell ov sich books but was a managin to live sumhow an seem cheerful an dress clean anyway. Howsumever, there's a hotel gent goin around constant, talkin verry pleasant in any lingo needful, an introducin, an sort o' mixin ov em up like a club salad wid plenty ov oil onto it. Then there's a lot o' kids introducin emselves too free all about an needin sum vinegar an red pepper fur proper seasonin. The Count an the parson I writ ov is settin by the widder an the two misses an there's a young furrin gent what also got acquainted this aternoon when we wus a climbin them terrises an is mighty pleased at the younger miss knowin his langwich a bit. The parson's son is in the hall a playin sum ball game on a slantin board wid pegs an holes. About dark there music starts up inside by a bully Chicago band, nigh a dozen ov em, an folks mostly leaves the piazzy. Lookin in the winder, I soon sees the spty uns a takin

hold o' each udder fur dancin in that big hall an the fellers whirlin ther gals about among them pillers an a runnin sideways an sich, whilst all as has nothin more cheerin to do sets about the walls lookin on respectable ontill nigh ten o'clock, when they thins out an makes tracks to bed. By then musters in, sudden like, a bunch ov officers from the Post an sum army gals too particular to notis amost any gent not havin brass buttons, an they makes that band hustle a hour more whilst dancin West Pint style. My boss gits into this game special, as one gal hears me call him Count an gits her brudder to tackle him.

As I wus a lookin at all these here doins lass evenin, there wus only one matter wery wexin in me posishun as vally. When I wus waiter, I allus wore me dress clos an mixed up wid swell folks, intimate an genteel like, hearin em talk an knowin amost every thing a goin on. Now I has to stand outside in a brown suit an fancy buttons an talk mostly to porters an drivers an nusses. But nigh every road has some ruts in it, so I aint kickin when travellin is mostly so easy.

When the Count gits loose from dancin, him an the furrin gent goes to the billard room fur a game, but ater a few plays an my boss sayin as he's only seed about ten thousand better tables. they lights out fur bed, an me too. This mornin I wus out o' me bunk early. Fust I tracks off to the long stable buildin ov the hotel company, wich is painted that gay an gorgeous as to make them terrises look sickly aterwards. Lookin in

two long passageways, I seed nigh four hundred hoss tails a switchin off flies. Then I walks by sheds where amost a hundred yaller stages wus standin like elefants in a circus waitin their turns to show off. Comin back a bit, I notices a stun buildin wich a hostler says is the Engineer's offis where they lays out all the bridges an fine roads we's to see about the Park, the money comin from whats paid by the Yellerstun Park Associashun an the Wylie Campin Company fur leave of cartin around an lodgin towerists, an frum sum udder ways. So the Park is fixed hansum, them as does it gits their pay reglar, the hotel an tent and stage people gits fust class prices from a big run ov travellers, an travellers gits their money's worth in style an comfort an every feller has his divies all around. The travellin sesun is that short as folks ought to pay hansum fur whats dun here.

This is how things is fixed fur most folks a visitin the Park, but them as comes in their own rigs, whether emigrants or swells, has to go to a buildin sich as I sees here across from the hotel an sign a book, an hand over guns an pistols, to be give back where they goes out, an tie any dogs, all so as they shant kill no Rocky Mounting game but miskitos. Somehow them an fishes was only left free, an both bites lively; but nettin is no good as to one an agin the rules fur the udder. There's rules too fur campin, an usin wood, an fires, an rules agin defacin anythin or takin any specimens or carryin anythin out o' the

Park widout permission, savin dust an flowers an miskito bites. Rivers goes out free. Its sure pleasin to be in a place where mountings has no big letterin onto em an natur isnt bit all over by low down fellers what's wus nor miskitos, for the sojers is here special, scoutin steady all about, an, if chaps is cotched breakin them rules anyway, they's squeezed mighty hard an jugged maybe two years. Uncle Sam dont take that kind o' foolin easy. I hears all this from the hostler an one or two drivers what cums up.

Aterwards it begins a rainin, an when I gets sheltered on the hotel piazzy I stands a bit watchin the clouds a rollin around betwixt these here high mountings like sheets in a clothes wringer, an the rain a pourin like a shower bath, whilst down at the end, that lime terris was a puttin up its bluff an a steamin like a soup tereen. It was sure a fine show. We summer folks, howsum-ever, has mostly choice wedder, jus warm enuf; but them sojers fellers deserves all the gals an the dancin they can git when the park's open, fur most o' the year the snows higher nor the tall fellers' heads an snow shoes is the only style fur trackin anywhere. Its like livin nigh the north pole widout any glory fur gittin lost there.

After breakfast an findin the Count still a sleepin, I goes out agin to smoke me pipe an has a talk wid a young English chap what's bin here sum days. He's got a ranch in Dakoty sumwheres an is American enuf to talk social like. Them English walks powerful an he's seed a lot

o' this north part o' the Park what we don't take in, he says, on the reglar tower, so I'll rite ov sum places he's bin at. He says that long cliff over back ov the sojers' Post, risin nigh two thousand feet high, is a side ov whats called Mount Evarts, wich is nigh eight thousand foot above sea, an a wagon road goes up the far side, givin a stunnin look out over these parts from the high level, whilst a feller often sees elks an mounting sheep on the way. By the stage road he took goin east'rd, an five mile from here, is sum hansum cascades called East Gardiner Falls, wich fust drops fifty foot an then eighty a bit below. The road runs on east, he says, thirteen mile further to Yancey's Camp by the Yellerstun River, this a runnin nor'west from there to Livingston. Then the road keeps on up the East Branch ov the river on the far side ov what's called Specimen Ridge, an goes out at the nor'-east corner ov the Park. About nigh Yancey's is sum fine shows, he says. There's a Tower Creek what runs into the Yellerstun, havin, a bit up, falls droppin over a hundred foot betwixt fine big towerin rocks. Then, in many places around, is tree trunks an stumps whats turned into stone most singlar, wich would sure knock out a feller makin a clearin there.

There's several mountings, too, whats nine an ten thousand foot high, so all them parts ought ter be wery interestin. Nigher here, that chap's bin a trackin up the Middle Fork ov the Gardiner River an up onto a mounting they calls Bun-

sen's Peek, near nine thousand foot over sea but only three thousand abuv where we be. In a canyon there, is the Middle Gardner Falls, tumblin mighty fine three hundred foot. The seenry, he says, is most stunnin from that there mounting all around, an the canyon is a grand un. There's a heap o' udder fetchin places, says he, as one con see here about on foot or a hoss-back, an when me boss gits up at ten o'clock, I tells him all I've heared, but he lets on as its too tirein, an as, bein booked fur the reg'lar tower, these speshuls wud be too troublesome an 'ud leave no restin time. Then he says him an the widder an her darters an the furrin gent an the parson an his son has fixed to go around in the same stage, seein as, wid me, they'd jus fill one. I also hears theys agreed to stop two nights, instead ov one, as reglar, at the four udder hotels, so as to ease up like atween sum forty mile drives an see the shows more particler.

When the Count finds it a rainin an as he's missed his breakfast, he concluds to stay abed an read papers til nigh one o'clock dinner, so then ater dinner, an ater I've made up our wash to be dun whilst we're goin around the Park, I has time fur ritin the letter what went to you, Sophie Ann, this aternoon. I kind o' pities a gent when he neither likes to be busy at anything nor cant feel tickled any at doing nothin, when his pay's goin on steady, like me. Livin seems sure played out that way. Udder things to-day isn't wery new to tell about. Several wagons full o' folks

started off ater breakfast to make the tower, as Sundays is like eny day here an most people gits here Saturday, begins the tower Sunday an gits back here the Thursday ater.

A lot more folks cum this noon from the railroad wid more o' them hired dusters, an toward five o'clock sum stages gits in from the Park tower, the people bein that wet from the storm as they wusn't half so cheerful an sot up as them as jumped out yesterday. So there wus a new mix up all around. Afore dinner the sky cleared an our folks was very pleased, seein as we starts off from here tomorrer mornin. Fur a lass walk here, I jus then took a good half hour to go across the open an climb up that bare hill in front called Wedder Bureau Hill, where's them cannon, one o' wich they fires allus at sunset an sunup, an the old house wich is sure no bureau now, its that dirty and dreary. The fine look I has all over this big open place an down on that ere white terris, wid its rows an rows ov charmin solid cascades, an its blue pools a steamin in the slantin sun light, an the towerin mountings all up behind, wus sumthing it beats me to tell. Ater me dinner, I leaves our folks settin in the hall, passin Sunday evenin quiet like, as its a bit coolish since the storm, an I comes up to finish ritin more nor I ever did in all me born days.

This letter, Sophie Ann, is the speediest you'll git fur a while, seein as this hotel is nighest the railroad an each day's drivin away will mean two fur any mail bags to cum back. Then

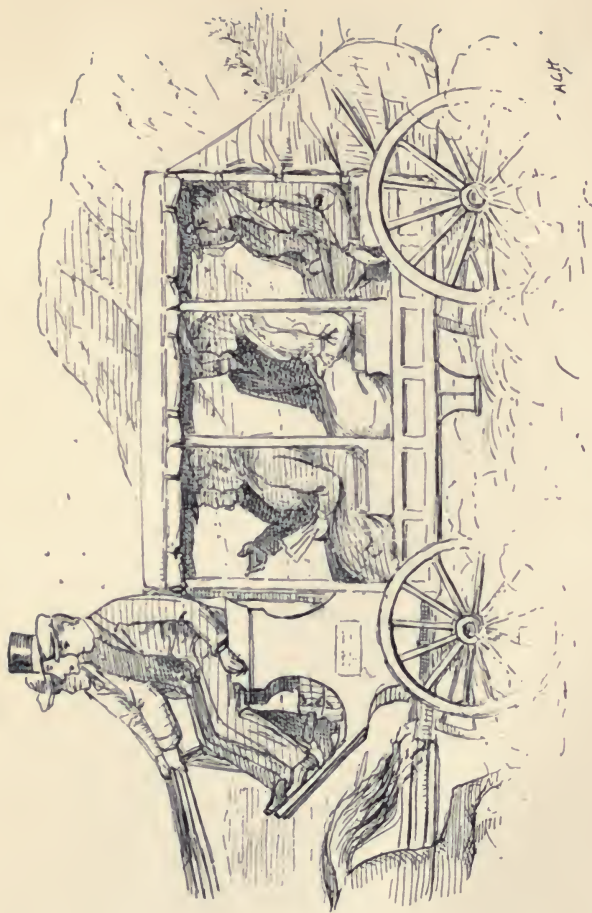
there's no knowin what mayn't happen. So I tells you in this same, if by chances I takes a header down some mounting or gits biled in eny hot water hole or drouned in eny onruly river or chawed up by eny bar or udder savage critter in them wild places I am a goin into, that I loves you steady an true an wishes you'd be very particeler to know I'm dead sure afore you gives eny forward chap a encouraging smile, an that same not fur a decent time ater you's done a weepin fur

Yourn forever,

RUBE SHUFFLE.

P. S.—These here letters, which started short as passinger trains on a branch railroad, is gittin to be like frate trains on one ov them roads what makes a bluff ov coverin the hull country. So, as a frate train allus has a caboose, a P. S. seems to be mostly needful to what I rites. Here's what I must couple on now. Its what I hears a ole western gent say today on the piazzy. Says he—"Folks comin frum down east seems to think these mountings an lime places an geysers an waterfalls is very surprisin. But theys allus bin here, an, where theres high mountings, theres got to be waterfalls, an where theres lots ov lime, theres got to be water bilin an spirtin, an where theres bin volcanos an earth quakes, things has got to be split up bad. I've bin hereabout nigh onto fifty years an natur haint changed eny to speak ov, an I've had hard work raisin crops or cattle or enything until I struck ore in Montany an

can now live easy. But whats amazin to me, way up on the highest level ov these Rockies, whar, when I wuz a yung chap, none but Injuns wuz enywhere an even wagin trails wuz mighty fur south—whats amazin, I says, is seein here four or five big hotels, fine as most summer places haz nigh New York or Boston, wid gas an bathtubs, an marble wash stands, an up to date plumin, an padded furniture, an spring matrasses, an clean sheets, an table cloths, an long bill o' fares in printin, an coons in dancin rig, an mighty neat good lookin waitin gals, an swell clerks, an telegraf offices, an news stands, an barbers, an boot-blacks, an laundrys an side shops ov all sorts ov notions, an every thing landy as your hat. When I sees all this here an thinks az even every nail haz to be fetched hundreds ov miles by railroad an then frum five to seventy five miles by wagin, its my idee that theres nothin in natur so wonderful as whats bin dun here by human critters in ten years or so. Us Americans sure cant be beat by all creashun."



The Stage Party

LETTER NO. 5.

THE FOUNTAIN HOTEL,
Tuesday, July 21.

ME DEAR SOPHIE ANN,

This tower we'r a goin on seems mighty like a Sunday bill o' fare, the things we sees bein that waried an interestin. Some on em stumps me entire to tell. Ritein ov em is wery much like fetchin a big tray full o' dinner fur sum fat gent an his wife an about three school boys, all eatin American plan, wich is playin it double from oysters to coffey. Any how, seein as I rote so extensive two days ago, entire by love ov you so fur away, I'll try to serve you faithful agen.

Yesterday mornin soon ater eight we leaves the Hot Springs Hotel in one ov sevral yellor four hoss wagins wid three seats under cover an a high open seat front. Here wus me an the parson's son by the driver. Down back ov us wus the parson an the widder, behind em the older Missis an the Count, an on the lass seat her sister an the furrin gent, all fixed wery pleasant. We all starts off like a tally-ho parade, we bein second, wavin our hats an hankerschifs an thankin them hotel gents fur doin the hansum while we staid. The day wus more charmin than I ever

known any wedder bureau make when it wasn't wanted, so every body was gay as dandylions. Soon we trots along by the Liberty Cap piller in front ov the high white terris wid all its taller lookin cascades, an goes up round the east end fur the most stunnin sight yet. That big cliff abuv us seems to have a wide river o' milk an wine an honey a tumblin down its slopin side over a lot ov ledges nigh a hundred foot up, but all like as it was froze solid wery sudden an mysterius, yet wid clouds o' steam a blowin away frum them pools an springs up top. All the folks is a sayin "Wonderful, magnificent, gorgeous," an sich like. Then the driver says, "Here we are by Jupiter;" but I finds he's a talkin quite proper, that bein a heathen name fur them lime cascades.

The parson ses as he never will see sich a spectacle agen, but his son, whats a collige chap, hopes he will have a pair o' spectacles soon. At this all laughs but the furrin gent, and when the Miss by him tries to clear it like in his lingo, it gits wus for her an him an every body. So we'r all glad when the driver speaks up an shows us, away east in the mountings, them Middle Gardiner Falls I've writ uv, lookin, that fur off, like a little leak in a dam. Then we drives up hill slow like an in among a lot o' great big ashy colored rocks all tumbled about, what they calls the Hoodoos, an next betwixt sum whitish cliffs wich is the Silver Gate. Soon the mountings narrer to a hansum canyon named the Golden Gate, an as we drags around a corner where the fine road

is on arches wid the little Gardiner River a croudin along down clus by, we sees the cliff across it quite a bit covered wid a sort o' yallerish moss like as dry mustard wus sifted onto it.

Goin on up steady on that fust class road, we, ater a while, gets out o' that fine canyon to the open, nigh a thousand foot higher nor the Hot Springs Hotel, passin there the pooty Rustic Falls droppin sixty foot down. No feller wud think we wus seven thousand foot above sea, this grassy open space we's in, named Swan Lake Basin, appearin like a wery wide vally any where; but we keeps mostly this level, the driver says, all around the Park, savin when we goes higher. Its wery curus to see a big natral clearin, green an pleasin, an no farms nor cattle nor wire fencin. As we goes west a bit, we sees, far north to right ov us, some fine mountings wid drifts ov snow. One, more nor four thousan foot higher an we be, they calls Electric Peek, as compasses is no good anywhere nigh it. Then, when we bears south steady, there's all along, still fur to right, mountings amost as high, wich is the Galletin Range.

About six mile from the Hot Springs we passes nigh sum woods where the fust Wylie Camp tents is; but its quiet like there as the folks has mostly rid off early fur this place we'r now at. A bit further on among sum trees by the road is Apollinaris Spring, an all the wagins stops. Our folks is kind o' shy a tastin it, exceptin the parson, an he goes in fur over a pint, seein its a free

drink. He's a restive pusson that parson, enyway, as a bit later he makes us stop agen so as he can go into the woods aways to pick sum wild flowers, he is that interested in every thing.

Onct I sees a sign "Camping Ground, 100 feet," an the driver says as how places is all marked similar where emigrants can stop over an find springs and dead timber handy. By an by, we goes along by a dark lookin cliff to left ov the road wich is nigh solid black glass, an enuf ov it to make ink bottles an dimijons fur all creation. They says as Injuns, what camped all about afore there wus eny signs an Park rules, made a sight o' glass arrer heads, not then knowin enuf about dimijons. There's chunks ov that black glass tumbled all along the road, an I'll bet high as the furnis that mounting wus made in wus the biggest un old Satan had a goin enywhere. But, whatever made the place, I never rid on a ground glass road afore. Soon it runs along in wery pleasin woods nigh a fork ov the Gardiner River, wid quiet pooty lakes here an there. One on em is Beaver Lake. Them knowin animals into it is most handy a buildin houses, carpenterin wid their teeth or plasterin wid their tails as needful. The driver says when the water dont suit em they jus dam it an all comes right, wich isn't cusstomery wid most two legged folks, but is helpful sumtimes. I seed one big stump ov a tree what they knawed off whilst they wus a dammin. They'r bigger nor a rabbit an dont favor a old rat eny, but they's allus most busy

wid them teeth an flat tails an has to play on
"Hansum is as hansum does."

Gradual we leaves that pleasin green seenry
fur poor lookin sile an meaner pine trees an, ater
twenty mile o' drivin steady south since mornin,
we cums up behind a biggish sort o' wood house
standin on whiteish ground amongst sum o' them
poor little trees an, circlin around to the front,
we all gits out on a piazzy. This wus Norrises.
Fust we hunts a washin place back ov the offis
room an gets rid ov about half the dust we had
onto us. Then we stands eager fur grub, 'til the
gent managin the place punches our cards an lets
us in careful by bunches to the dinin room.
Sum real nice white gals is waitin at them tables,
wich is comfortin ater the coons we had, an wid
the feed we gits here. So I jus gives one o' them
genteel gals a quarter fur luck.

When dinner's dun, we's let out by a back
door an soon starts off followin a guide to see the
shows they has. In a few steps we's through the
trees an on a white clay bank lookin down an over
a plain that flat an white an dreary as you wud
suspicion it a big lake froze over an mostly covered
wid snow. Nigh us on the bank to the left
is a big pool o' bluin water, called the Congress,
boilin fierce, an down to right a hole whats fret-
tin considerable. Walkin down to the flat, we
goes out over the lime crust wery cautious on a
line ov boards quite a ways, an stops all in a row
by a clear pool wid a hole down in the middle,
what every minnit busts out an squirts up nigh

forty foot an then lays low again. Its named The Constant or The Minnit Man, an it seems mighty curus, bein the fust ov whats called "Geysers" as we sees. Howsomever, ater the pic-ters, its a bit disappointin by not pumpin higher. So we hears, more contented, as how its no great shakes alongside o' what we're to see in a day or two.

Leavin a sort o' baby spirter behind us, we tracks along by the Constant an climbs up a bank at the left where there's a big grey funnel rumblin an churnin inside an blowin out steady a lot o' steam smellin ov sulfer. A bunch ov dead trees nigh it is like as they wus whitewashed all over, but the stuff boilin down in that ere hole is so dark as it makes me think ov cuttle fish wid the bad smellin ink they squirts. Leavin this Black Growler, as it's called, an a naber like it, the Hurricane, we comes back, along the boards ov that glarin lime basin, a bit warm, but not weary like we wus at them Hot Springs. This big flat place is named the Norris Geyser Basin an stretches, in all, nigh six square mile, bein seven an a half thousand foot over sea level.

If the Rockies wus put up like buildins in Chicago, this wus certain where them boss contractors made most ov their mortar. As we cum up the bank agen nigh the house, that big pool, forty foot across, wich is the Congress, got sure discussin or cussin the niggers, fur, sudden, it flared up like a great kettle a bilin over, heaps o' water risin more nor twice as high as I be, splash-

in all around an runnin down on the basin. I wouldn't start no laundry here enyway. Soon ater this show was over, the yeller wagons druv up fur us to go on again south'rd. Passin around by the Black Growler, we stopped a minit to see the Emerald Pool. It wus wide across as the Congress but mighty deep, wid yeller colored fancy insides, an looked as it wus full ov cream de mint, its hot green sulfer water bein that quiet an charmin. A little on is the New Crater in among a lot ov big yellerish rocks an playin moderate every half hour. The boss geyser hereabout, the driver says, is a little walk east ov the road an nigh the hill there. Its the Monarch Geyser an makes its splurge only onct in twelve hours from two long narrer openins, explodin a lot an shyin hot water a hundred foot high. It didn't give a matinee when we wus a passin, an so we didn't go over to the box offis. There's sum small spurters too as we had to shake, but folks cant do everything in sich a wide place, an we seed the best a goin. There's allus sum feller everywhere as says you oughtn't to have missed sumthin you didn't see. Then we has twenty miles o' drivin this aternoon an a heap ov fine things on the way.

Keepin still south'ard, we rolls along in a sort o' wide green vally, called Elk Park, wid fine pine trees about an a new river, named the Gibbon, a keepin us company. At one place we sees two little springs called Chocolate. Furder on there's a side road to the Gibbon Paint Pots, wich is like holes ov hot mortar up in the woods, wid

thick bubbles comin all over, an light clay borders, and sum nice colorin. I'll tell soon about more on em. By and by, the mountings gits wery close an steep an we drives along side the river into the Gibbon Canyon, where there's fine cliffs two thousand foot high. Half way up on one side, the driver tells as there's Monument Geyser Basin what scarce enybody climbs to see, bein as its nigh dead, but its sure curus that high. Along in that stunnin fine canyon little steamin springs gits kind o' common, but we stops at a charmin' one named the Beryl an by anoder, fifteen foot across, whats boilin an hissin an overflowin that violent as wud make eny city hosses chuck us all over that left bank into the river. The road all along is made fust class, but wid the stage ahead an two sojer scouts a gallopin on hossback in between, the dust wus so mighty thick we might ha bin a cleanin out a cellar full ov ashes. Its about then as the gents what hired them dollar dusters is most cheerful. There wus sum waterin carts on the roads in the mornin, but we haint seed none since an the dust is more frettin when that hansum little river is a canterin alongside an sort o' chaffin us about it. But ater beginning to go down hill we admires that river special when we git to a high corner ov the road an stops to see Gibbon Falls. There below us the water goes leapin an tumblin an foam in over ledges in a drop o' nigh eighty foot, an the place is so green an charmin that one of the Misses gits out wid a little black box she has to take a picter,

Goin on we soon sees the tents of the Wylie lunch station betwixt Willow Camp an the Upper Basin.

Aterwards we winds down gradual among them steep mountings, seein so many dead trees, lyin in among the livin ones on their slopin sides, as it giv the look of old Satan havin spilled a lot o' matches, when a climin about to keep all his hot water bilers a goin reglar. Sich woods is sure fine to see, but when miskitos likes visitin the high Rockys in summer time as much as Jersey, where I onct waited at a shore hotel, there's allus sum onpleasantness. Them insects in the Rockys dont hav no unions or strikes. They works twenty hours a day, each feller for hissself. They wastes no breth a singin but sails along easy in dust or rain or any thing, picks out their tourist, gits a nice quiet place on the side o' his neck an sucks til deth. But they're not too partieler an can dodge like a moth miller. The wimen havin veils an gloves, us sinful men had to stand the game patient as we cud, an when that collige chap swiped me, an a miskito, on me right cheek, I jus minded Scriptor an let him swipe the udder. The parson was a slappin hissself continual an not darin to say anything, but the furrin gent was uncommon releaved a talkin some ov his langwich what even that young Miss couldn't understand eny.

After leavin them Gibbon Falls, we followed the river west'rd out ov the canyon an rid some time that way in charmin country. The driver

sed that road went about straight west for nigh eighty mile, goin out ov the Park to Monida, wich is the railroad station on that side. Bein in a Rocky Mounting pass devidin Montana from Idaho, its named partly from both. Folks as gits off the trains there takes wagins along a Centennial Vally an keeps on the north side ov the mountings, passin Red Rock lakes an then goin thru a pass into Idaho, where they sees Henry Lake an stunnin seenry. Then they jumps anoder pass to Montana agen an soon gits to Grayling's Inn to stay over night. Next day they early gits into the Park, passes a sojers' Post an comes on up the Madison River canyon here in Wyoming, an then to Norrises or the Fountain Hotel.

The driver what told this to me an the parson's son, sed that drive wus uncommon fine an ought to be more seed. Ater a while we leaves the Gibbon River goin on west to the Madison, an rides over sum wooded terrises across south'ard to by the Firehole River, wich runs on into the Madison too, havin sum falls nigh where it jines. Them we dont see, but where we fust twigs it there's wery pleasin cascades where the water goes slidin down a easy hill, an aterwards, as we rolls along south by the broad clear shaller stream wid fine woods each side, all's wery peaceful an charmin. Seein it here we're a bit bothered by the bad name o' that river, but later, the driver says, we'll know why. At lass we gits gradual out o' the woods into wide open country an, from

me front seat, I notices far away this here Fountain Hotel. Comin closer, we sees a sojers cavalry camp on a rise ov ground, an then, fordin a stream, we drives up an around to the piazzzy. There's woods on small hills to left, but front an to right is a bare whitish plain stretchin far away wich they calls the Lower Geyser Basin.

This hotel is a large very good appearin frame bildin an nice an roomy inside. Me boss gits a pleasin bedroom on the offis floor an' half a hour ater, him an the udder folks goes to supper. I'm put at a corner table in that good big dinin room, an one o' the neat white gals whats a waitin is most obligin an speedy. I'm oncertain if I might hav dun as well meself. An them gals dont git decent tips eether. When supper's eat an folks feels more rested like, ater forty miles ov drivin, they all tracks out an up a rise ov that bare lime sile, an easy walk in front ov the hotel, to where theres two big pools o' bluin water like great saucers amost sunk in the clay. One, they says, is the Fountain Geyser, spoutin every three to five hours. Its thirty foot across an, bein full up to the brim, means bizness very soon. Sudden it starts bubblin an splashin in the middle, over the bottom hole, an pumpin easy like. Then it begins explodin more an more powerful an lots ov bilin water shoots higher an higher until nigh forty foot up, wid big clouds o' steam on the side. Its a strappin fine show fur ten minutes or so an then the pump seems broke an the water whats left, ater a big

overflow, settles down a foot ontill that geyser gits riled agen. Nigh it is the Cleysydra Spring Geyser, not so big but squirtin oftener. The Fountain is sure finer nor the Constant we seed at Norrises, but we're all hopin for geysers more like the advertizin picters.

By this time the sun is settin an sum folks says they'll use whats left ov day a seein the bars back ov the hotel. I went too, thinkin to see em in cages like at a zoo. What I seed actual was most surprisin. Up by the woods, where the hotel garbage wus throwed out, wus three big loose wild bars sort o' suspicionin each udder, the biggest un snuffin an pawin among tin cans an the two more pretendin as they wus in no hurry jus then. A bit off stands a row ov stage folks lookin wery curus an thinkin how brave they wus to be there widout no iron fence atween. I hears the garbage men is no more afeard ov them bars nor ov pigs, bein as the critters is too genteel to eat their grub an the waiters too. As to tips, its safest sayin nothin. Its also safest to go back to the hotel afore dark, so we all does it wery willin. Amost everybody wus tired, an as there wus no band an no Misses as wud play the piany in the hall, there wus no dancin.

Our folks talked around a bit wid sum ov the other travellers, but soon went to bed, exceptin the Count an the widder's older dauter he sets by. They seems to be gittin wery spoony since a day or two. He's helpin her careful in them hot water places an she's puttin flowers in his coat an

sich, so when they talks all alone in a little parlor off the hall til nigh eleven o'clock, I gits mighty weary a waitin to know when he wants me this mornin.

This ends up what wus dun yesterday, an it makes a swoppin big letter already, but I must clear away whats cum about to day here. Our folks got their breakfast jus afore the dinin room doors closed. Then, followin a guide, we goes up by the Fountain Geyser we seed lass evenin an across to the left a short ways to the second show ov this place, wich is the Mammoth Paint Pots. We lined up on the white clay bank ov a hole nigh fifty foot frum side to side, an six foot down into it wus like a big bed o' soft mortar. All over it wus risin, here an there, bubbles big as porridge bowls upside down an floppin into rings like quoits. There wus a thick sloppin noise goin on continual from them slobby bubbles an it wus sure amazin how that hole wus so het up. The guide sed sum of the stuff wus took to calcimine part ov the hotel. From the name, we all reckoned on seein a lot o' colors like in a paint shop, but all wus white as lime, savin in one small side hole where it were sort o' wery pale purple.

Some fellers in the fine ritin trade whats bin about this Park must hav wore a dozen colored spectacles, changin em amost every minnit, an had a free ticket all around. I tells you, Sophie Ann, what is actual, widout too much trimmins an gravy. I likes natur green an hansum. Them

paint pots is mighty curus, but they'r sort o' big scabs like lepers has, an no hansumer nor big mortar beds enywhere. These here big hot lime fields destroyin everything green is nigh as bad. Pools an geysers is different. Them charmin blue an green pools seems like water in lakes an oceans, an geysers playin like fountains looks as natur wus lively an cheerful. Bilin water an clouds o' steam is sure wunderful but, ater all, fine cool streams an foam in waterfalls wid mosses an flowers and big spreadin trees pleases me a heap more. Part ov this here big Yellerstun Park, the parson says, is natur's labratory, wich is a place like the back end of a drug store, an part a mounting garden all complete. He says anoder time them lime basins is like what Adam an Eve might have got into when they wus chucked out, the rest bein a kind o' Paradise. You takes your choice.

Ater we sees them paint pots, an all that white clay about it cracked up an soft an risky to walk on, we goes up a little dusty road a piece in the woods to see the Firehole Spring. Its certain one ov the most puzzlin things I've ever knowd. Down in the bottom ov a pool is like as there wus a flame ov fire burnin quiet an steady, bein some curus gas way under water. If a pipe is stuck down to it, the guide says, it stops sudden but goes on agen when let alone. Then we visits some udder less interestin springs an comes back to early dinner. Our folks wus quiet in the aternoon. Ater supper everybody sot about

talkin, til a gent tackled a kind o' tread mill to the piany, like a tender to a engin, an clattered out music slick as any press a printin newspapers.

There's a new mix up at this hotel every day, like at the Hot Springs. Stages what came wid us yesterday went on this mornin. Them from the Wylie Willow Camp what started early ahead ov us only stopped a bit fur sight seein here yesterday aternoon, makin the long drive to the Upper Basin afore night. Today a stage gits in from Monida at dinner time, an late this aternoon sum more wagins like ourn frum the Hot Springs, wid folks jus one day greener nor we be. Ater dinner they goes troopin out, as we wus a doin yesterday, to see the Fountain an Paint Pots an then the bars. There's sum curus pussons amongst em. One old bachelor what's new spliced to a widder, I hears askin at the offis fur a room wid three beds. He says as he wants one fur his wife, one for hisself, an anoder to change to in the night when he gits restless. Waitin by wus a husky chap an a bloomin young woman on their tower, an they looks as pityin as I has when I gives a gent a bill o' fare an he only orders biled rice. Then there's a old guy askin everybody questions that confusin as makes em feel uncommon ignerant an quarrelsum; but one solem feller gits even by inventin the grittiest lies I ever knowd, wich is all writ down careful in a book by the guy. Now, having spent most o'

me aternoon an evenin a ritin this big letter,
pleased at seemin to be that long talkin wid you,
me dear, the only way I now can, I'm ever

Lovin an true,

RUBE SHUFFLE.

LETTER NO. 6.

UPPER GEYSER BASIN,
Wednesday night, July 22nd.

ME DEAR SOPHIE ANN,

A lot to cook an a poor fire is the fix I'm in, wid all we've dun today to tell, but love makes good kindlin fur eny stove an I can begin tonight anyway. Ater bein at the Fountain Hotel two nights, we all feels spry an fit this mornin fur stagin agen, special as we heerd there wus only ten miles ov drivin to this place. We starts, when breakfast is eat, among the new lot ov wagins what cum the evenin afore, but no driver savin one has sich nice lookin folks as our'n. A good many I sees is them as takes a big cup ov caffy-o-lay wid their dinner, but there's a sprinklin ov the sort as takes their petty tass an coniac ater it. I can twig the style every time. Well, we travels along in a nice green country a bit, an when two miles away the driver tells of a big geyser a mile east by a side road, called the Great Fountain. Its a fust class heavy weight when on its muscle but isn't in the ring just then. It does its sluggin, says the driver, in rounds nigh twelve hours apart an half a hour each. Then there's hot times sure somewhere

underneath. Fust the big shaller pool does a sight ov steamin an bilin over. Then the water sucks down fearful deep in a ten foot hole, fur a start like, an, sudden, bangs in the air amost a hundred foot high. If that driver talks square, we ought to ha seed it sumhow, an sum udder shows nigh it, but things we ought to see amost every where is like things we ought to do, wich we gen'rally dont.

Goin on, we, by and by, cums to Turquoise Spring, wid hansum colored water, an then to a little cool spring, it bein curus where hot water is mostly on tap. There we sees ahead anoder open level ov lime an white clay whats called the Middle Geyser Basin, but it isn't nigh as big as the Lower un an has green hills about it. We gits out, on reachin a bridge over the little Fire-hole River, an, goin down to the bank, crosses a foot bridge ov two planks to the udder side. The bank there has a lot o' them hansum solid cascades, colored like as they wus cold gravy. Climbin up easy we tracks along over a glarin lime crust wid more shaller pools ov bluin water, an lines up at a biggish bit o' water named Prismatic Lake, wich is four hundred foot long. Its sure the most charmin' lake in the world. The scolloped rim is colored like buttered toast wid a sprinklin ov beef juice an tomato catsup. The shallers nigh it looks as they wus honey or cura-so. Then, a bit in, the hot water gits as green as creme de mint, and further away, where its deeper yet, a lovely blue, whilst a light, purple

appearin steam is floatin from it in the soft wind, wid the green woods behind. If I ever can take you any where, Sophie Ann, I wants to fetch you some day to see all them waverin colors in this here charmin lake.

But amost every cream jug has a fly in it. What riled us a lot here wus to see three letters an "St. Louis" cut big in a shaller place by sum cuss who wus skunk enuf to shame his town wile not darin to name hisself. He wus not fit even to drown in that charmin lake, but eny of us would ha' liked to chuck him into them paint pots we seed yesterday an watch him stewin. Even the parson might ha bossed the job. Its a pity as noodles what spiles natur a carvin an scratchin their names hasnt enuf sense for eny udder reputashun.

Well, havin to leave Prismatic Lake sum time, we walks a piece over the white field an its rills ov hot water to a place as unlike as a batter cake is to a bombshell. There's a nat'ral cistern about three hundred by two hundred foot across. Twenty foot down its strait or overhangin clay sides is all deep blue water a tossin an splashin an bubblin an steamin constant, an lettin out a lot ov bilin water into the Firehole River. It's named Cliff Caldron an makes a great show enyway, but back in the eighties it opened up a swagger business as a geyser, explodin tanks ov hot water two hundred an fifty foot high, slingin out rocks an rollin up as much steam as there is smoke at a decent Chicago fire.

In a few years it had to settle wid creditors, wich wus udder geysers it borrored from heavy, an quit the fountain trade. It wus named the Excelsior, which means knockin spots out ov everything.

Speakin ov words, my idee is as them professors what makes langwiches doesn't half urne ther salaries. Insted of makin good words fur anything onusual, they jus cribs sum furrin ones like canyon or platow or mesa an sich, or they makes sum poor common word pull the load. I'm thinkin here of these big vallys full ov lime they has to call basins, wich is jus crokery to wash in, when they ought to make sum fine word an one what a feller could spell an say easy. While we's mixed up at this Middle Basin wid folks ov udder wagins, me boss meets a gent he'd met onct in Chicago, an gits introduced to a stunnin pooty Miss whats his sister, an to ther fader an mudder. That Miss is so pleasin as the Count holds her parasol over her an talks verry social til he puts her in her wagin, them wagins havin crossed the bridge to wait a ways frum the Excelsior. When he cums to our wagin, he finds our spoony Miss is that riled as she's got her sister to sit by her an leaves him to ride by the furrin gent, never sayin a word to him. That furrin gent, I may say here, has seen the Count game sich a nice un as he has lately let on he's really a Barren an the widder has slacked up a bit on the parson to sort o' devide her talkin, but the old man has the best pull. Drivin along, we keeps on south nigh the

Firehole River, seein the green vally more an more spotted wid that lime wash an steamin where there's hot springs on the wooded hill-sides.

Soon it seems as we wus nearin smeltin or coke furnices doin a steady business, the steamin places is that frequent. Then the sile by the river gits poor an white agen an we passes more an more ov them shaller pools ov hot bluin water wid curus colored rims an trimmins. One on em is called, the driver says, the Biscuit Basin, an looks as there wus a lot o' little loaves ov bread a floatin loose like in sum fretful yeller water. A bit on is the Jewel Geyser, a pooty little spirter, goin every few minnits. Then we sees two charmin springs on the right side betwixt the road an the river. One's the Mornin Glory an's like a new light enamel cuspidor sunk in the ground, that's twenty foot across an full ov clear quiet water. The udder's three times as wide wid a mighty deep hole, an onct or twice a day the water swells up an a lot goes into the river. Next there's the Fan Geyser wid a pinkish nozzel, an every few hours water spreads out frum two holes, playin sixty foot high. Clus by it is the Mortar explodin every two hours, the driver says, but only half as sassy.

Soon the road turns up to a bridge over the river, an as we gits there the driver stops sudden, sayin the Riverside's a goin off. This dont mean the bank's a cavin in, fur he pints to by the water above the bridge where there's like a big

white clay spittoon ten foot across an amost as high whats a beginnin to splash sum. In a minnit it starts a squirtin more an more wiolent, the water slantin over the river an curvin up nigh eighty foot high, wid big clouds ov steam a blowin away fine. This stunnin show cums every seven or eight hours fur fifteen minutes performin. When its dun we notices in the woods nigh it one ov them Wylie Camps, an among the folks I sees that young doctor an sum ov the school Misses an waves me hat to him. The driver says as Wylie folks allus passes two nights there on the reglar tower. Then we crosses the bridge an goes up on the west bank, where theres a biggish lake to the right, an what we sees ahead is all flat an white an open, this bein the Upper Geyser Basin, anoder wide vally where Old Nick has spread his lime an hot water all about to kill vegetashun. A mile off we sees bildins, but there's much on the way. Fust we stops by the Grotto on the left. Its like a big holler pile ov dough, twenty foot across, wid parts eat away by rats. Every four hours it spends half a hour steamin like mad but squirtin only moderate. Clus by cums the Giant, wich is grand master ov masons hereabouts. There's a rise ov white clay wid a broken centerpiece. The water into it is allus splashin an bilin an steamin, an onct in a week or two that big feller cums out ov his lodge an shies heaps ov scaldin water up two hundred an fifty feet, wid balloons ov steam an a lot ov growlin when he's done. Folks is mighty lucky

Next on the left is the Oblong, a hole fifty foot what chances to see him a givin spoutin degrees. long wid overhangin borders like soft dough. Down in the deep water is two big openings, an atween six hours or two days, as it fancies, that water bulges up twenty foot high an pours into the river. Then, when its a bit emtied, folks sees wery pooty trimmins to its insides. Now we takes a side road to right toward the hillside an looks at a flat unpretendin pool ov bilin water where the Splendid puts out a slantin fountain ov water two hundred foot an steams lovely, but it only feels real cocky onct in a few hours or two days, an we gits the mitten.

After seein a haystack thing they calls the White Piramid a bit off, we drives up on a rise alongside ov the Punch Bowl. Its ten foot across an about three foot high an like mixed taller an lime wid sum lovely gravy colorin. If it wus copied small an had champaign insted ov that hot bluin water into it, it ud be the finest centerpiece fur a swell dinner table as I cud fancy. Its allus a flowin over sum but aint spoutin eny. The next call we makes, along nigh the woods, is on a hansum spring called the Black Sand Basin. You sees like a sixty foot flarin spittoon sunk in the ground wid a great big forty foot wide hole down into it an a wery fancy border holdin the light blue water, an slopin dark sand outside. Where that water runs out, the way ov the stream is colored wery charmin, an it spreads over a big space called Specimen Lake, as the dead trees

about is that sprayed as they looks like stun. They wus too venturesome a startin to grow in sich a place, enyhow. All along by the edge ov the wood is a stream named Iron Spring Creek. Here we goes over a little foot bridge by Cliff Spring, wid a fine formashun, to see Sunlight Basin, where there's sum more warm quiet pools colored quite hansum, the pick on em bein the Emerald. From here a footpath goes near strait to the hotel place, passin sum nice springs called the Three Sisters, but, takin the stage agen, we drives back to an along the main road nigh the Firehole River. Now we knows why it's got sich a bad name, an only wonders its not bilin too. Not every feller cud run along so cool an genteel in sich depravin company as these here hot lime basins. Followin it up to the left we passes a low place on the right, where theres dried mud an played out geysers, an then stops nigh a white pile, twenty foot across an as high, on a rise ov lime sile an lookin like a small fort. This is the Castle. Its a old feller what has made his pile by steady honest work an deposits his savins every thirty hours. Then, after fussin considra-ble, he has a blow out eighty foot high fur half an hour, steamin most powerful fur as long again. Sumtimes he goes into a special high game, but he's allus banker an mostly wins the pool.

At the side of the Castle is a little spring bilin all the time, an, a bit off, there's a fine pool wid a gutter leadin from it whats wery nice colored. Here at the Castle the road runs along by a lot ov



Seeing "Old Faithful"

trees an a small lake, an soon gits to the bildins we seed from down the vally. So all ov us lights on a little porch ov one o' them about noon. The hotel they had here was burnt up, an, until a finer one is ready, this cheap bildin has only a offis an dinin room an wash room, travellers sleepin in a long row ov big tents thats clus by. Udder bildins has fotos, Injun's fixins, candy, cigars, canned goods an amost anything needful. There was a most cheerin manager on that offis porch, what everybody calls Larry. He gives us the glad hand, an wus that spry in his jokin as even the parson has to laugh when he says he's no more objection to receivin parsons than gentlemen. Ater we've got shed ov the dust onto us, an gents has writ their names an got bunks, we's took over to them tents to find em. The tents is like gable houses, wid a middle hall frum the front door, an canvas partitions, seven foot high, makin about four box stalls each side, each neat furnished wid bed, washstand an chair. Nigh all the alfabet is used up to know them tents apart.

Folks is mostly quite interested, talkin an laffin about this new way ov livin, but soon they hustles back to the dinin room. There they's more genteel white gals a waitin on us, and Larry is in, off and on, lookin over his round up an seein as they feeds well, talkin easy all about, like as he'd knowd us a year or so. Jus as we's dun our pie he calls out, "Theres plenty more fur every body. None, wedder they're good or bad, goes out here hungry; but if ye's had all you can eat,

its time to see Old Faithful. In about ten minnits the show begins." Then we troops out speedy an tracks along by the tents an a bit furdur to a wide spreadin rise ov that lime formashun, wid a geyser hole at the top an shaller pools ov clear water wid nice colored rims mostly on the far side. We hardly gits there when sum sputterin an splashin commences an then, at lass, a stream big as a barrel shoots up splendid nigh a hundred an fifty foot, pumpin powerful fur three minnits afore it gradual dies down, whilst, all the time its a goin, mighty clouds ov steam frum top to bottom float up an away on the wind. Every hour (an three or four minits more) all the year round Old Faithful is markin time surer nor most clocks, an wid no windin up Sundays, so there's no geyser having as fine a gen'ral reputashun. Nigh it down by the river is a irreg'lar forty foot spouter called the Chinaman, which has a poor washin business.

Closin sudden, I'm your'n allus,

RUBE SHUFFLE.

LETTER NO. 7.

UPPER GEYSER BASIN, Thursday, July 23d.
ME DEAR SOPHIE ANN,

When tellin you I'm still in this upper basin, it seems as I wus a small kid takin a bath. The letter begun lass night was sent off very sudden this mornin as, when I wus a goin on wid it early to day, I hears there wus a chance to have it go ater breakfast, so I jus cut short at the Chinaman an put it in the box at the offis. Now I sets down in me tent to say what we dun yesterday aternoon an evenin.

Over the udder side of the little river in this wide vally, an opposite the hotel, is a white terris where we sees a good many steamin places an nobby things all along, wid low green hills behind. In the mornin, drivin in, we seed all the shows on this west side, but there's a lot ov doins of old Nick on the east bank what's a waitin fur us.

Them geysers ov all sizes an kinds sits all about this big lime vally like folks at a experience meetin. Perhaps nobody says anything fur quite a time. Then, may be, some little chap begins squirtin about his troubles or sum big feller starts a roarin an confessin powerful, wile all

the rest sits a weepin, quiet like, until one ov em has his turn. Sum is that fretted by old Satan as they keeps a breakin in every few minnits, but udders is either comforted in their spirits or has sich hardened naturs as they says nothin fur days an weeks an then, when they get religion, nobody else can be herd. Free confessin seems to be a prosperin way, enyhow, fur all them springs an geysers as does most overflowin has the hansomest formashuns, the charmin water bein never so clear as not to leave lime or sulfer or some nice colorin wherever it runs. Thats how all them fine things like punch bowls an beehives an haystacks an china match boxes an spittoons was bilded.

Well, when a swarm ov us towerists is ready, soon ater two o'clock, a guide takes us down the slope to the river, where we crosses a little foot bridge ov two planks wid a rail onto it. While goin over, we sees on the high white far bank, a bit up the stream, sum o' them taller like little falls where there's a geyser called the Cascade, what spouts, very irreg'lar, thirty foot high an sends a roarin stream into the river, steamin like mad. When over the bridge, we has a short climb to the top ov the terris an stops fust at the Beehive, named fur its shape, an four foot high. This geyser is a big buzzer when it gits shook up, sendin bilin water two hundred foot high, to blow away mostly in steam, an it shows fine from the hotel. But its noways reg'lar, playin sumtimes every few hours an sumtimes sleepin sevrul days or longer. We next walks along over the crust

to the Giantess, what lives nigh a mile frum her husband we seen in the mornin. Her cavity, re-ferrin to which I asks pardon, is sixty foot deep and half that across, like a big goblet. Here our older Miss talks ov the saffire water, which is a kind of firewater I never heerd tell of. When she takes her emetic (that Giantess, not our Miss), wich is onct or twiste a month, she fust blows out all that firewater wid considerable pain an then spouts a double stream about a hundred foot wery frequent fur half a day, endin up wid a hour's steamin ontill she feel easier agen. Not carin to see eny female sufferin that bad, I wus pleased she wus then sleepin good.

Frum her we goes on to the Sponge. It's like a salt cellar, six foot across an full ov hot bluin water, wid a low border that like sponges as a feller havin a towel an a bit o soap might think he cud take a bath wery handy. But a bit ov them sponges is so gritty it wud rub his hide off. When I speaks of a soap bath this way to the guide, he says as a bar or two ov soap throwed into eny ov them geysers makes em that sick as they spouts immediate, so soap is barred, as the Government takes special care ov their health an habits. Ater passin by what's called the Beach, we tracks out on a lime bluff by the river where there's like a job lot ov big damaged white clay spittoons, assorted sizes. They's named the Lion, Lioness and Cub, an shows well frum the office bildin. All's irreglar spouters. The dad gives a sixty foot roar onct or sevrul times a day, his fe-

male goes him better as usual, but in one to four days, while the little un's a squealin very frequent. Then, bearin allus to the north end ov the vally where we cum in that mornin, we follows down clus to a twist ov the stream where a pint o' poor thirstin trees is sneakin to it on a strip ov honest sile. By this we sees the Surprise, an irregular Jack in the box what jumps out a little matter ov a hundred foot when old Nick touches his spring. Up the slope here, nigher the woods, is the Solitary, an there's udder pools an holes less interestin. A bit on we reaches the Spasmodic, wich is irreg'lar too an content wid a forty foot spasm. Clus to the river here, an nigh a second little foot bridge, is the Sawmill an sum more springs an bargain counter geysers. The Sawmill has a hot bluin water pool like a forty foot saucer wid a deeper place an a nozzle into it. It puts on a log, so to say, sevrал times a day, buzzin each time half a hour an squirtin over thirty foot quite pesky. I gits all these here names down pat from notin em on a bit of paper as we walks. I've dun this all along or I couldn't have give names or figgers.

Keepin on north an up a rocky hillside, we gits to a boss geyser called the Grand, seeing as onct or twiste a day during half a hour, it busts up a lot ov sort ov double streams two hundred foot high, making a stunnin fine show. By it is a blue pool of water an nigh this is a chum geyser named the Turban what plays more often, an on the side, goin up forty foot an pumpin out a lot

ov hot water all about. While we wus a lookin, the guide notices em whisperin wery suspicious an calls us a bit back. Sudden the Grand begins a snortin an both gits in a mighty rage together. The sight's that splendid as no feller cud rite ov it proper, but its sure the crack speshul piece on the Upper Basin program. When all the explodin an spoutin an mighty steamin an overflowin is dun an the curtin goes down, there's only a little soft music to go out by. This is a large, quiet, charmin colored pool named the Beauty Spring. Howsumever, there's a little every minnit squirter, the Economic, like a small boy callin mint drops. Down the udder side ov the Beauty Spring there's a third little foot bridge crossin the river to nigh the Oblong. Sum ov the party says they'll go over an then back to the hotel by the road we cum up in the mornin. Udders wants to do all this east side terris agen.

Whilst they's talkin, I asks leave ov me boss to go see the Wylie Camp by the Riverside Geyser. The parson, hearin me, says as he'd like to wisit it too. The rest bein tired, me an him an his son starts on. By an by we gits to a fine grove where there's sevrал large tents ov striped canvas, all lookin wery neat. In among em was a place where a man was startin a camp fire an folks wus sittin about talkin an amusin themselves warious. The men had mostly woolen shirts an the wimen short skirts, livin easy like. Comin nigher, I seed the doctor showin a lot of fotos he'd took, an sum ov them young teacher Misses carryin on that

merry an gay as the kids they teaches at schools wudn't sure have knowed em. Two on em was fussin over sum wild flowers. Jus then the professor comes out ov a tent, an when he an the parson sees each udder they sudden hollows out an begins a shakin hands wery vigorous, havin been, as I hears, at the same collige somewhere. At lass the old chaps quiets down a bit an the professor begins showin the docter about the camp, I followin behind. The sleepin tents has a hall wid a stove an four box stalls where everything looks tidy. Then we sees a large dinin tent, a cookin tent an sum udders, wile the two gents talks away, comparin livin in the camps an hotels here where both ways is so tip top. The parson's son likes sum things best in one an sum in tother an cant be sure wich he fancies most.

That professor's party should ha gone on regular lass Tuesday mornin, but he had em stay over so as he cud study all these here hot water works. Now he says they'll start tomorrer the time when we dus. By this his Missis cums out ov her tent frum a nap an meets the parson an his son wery social. Then, as its feedin time, her an her old man says positive as we must stop to dinner. So all on us, an sum udders what cums in frum sight seein, sets down at neat tables in the big tent, I a bit off, an eats good an hearty. Aterwards we swarms about the cheerin bonfire, swappin more talk an listenin to singin by them school teachers until it gits so darkish we starts back. The young doctor an a friend ov his'n cuts in to go wid us

fur an evenin walk, an in sumthin over a mile we five shows up at our place. Ther folks has had ther supper an is settin along on benches mostly in front ov the tents, talkin, laffin, or frettin about miskitos. Sum little fires of pine branches on sort of high tables shows them pesky insects how to pick out good game, tho meanin to tell em they'r not invited. Gents is smokin what never tried afore, an even that collige chap lights a pipe to have his fader ask a turn instead ov scoldin. The Count sets by that hansum Miss a fannin of miskitos wery polite, an the un in our set shows as she isn't over pleased, so, when the parson introduces the doctor, she gits that smilin as she'd never seed a feller she likes so much. His friend goes in fur her sister, an the Barren's left to jine the widder an the two old gents an listen to the professor's ideas about them geysers. Twiste in the evenin we hears Old Faithful a roarin out the hour, seein the spoutin an steamin dim like in the dark, an onct there's a big splurgin sumwhere over on the terris. But them geysers isn't askin us when they'll spout an dont care a nickel fur nobody. Folks couldn't see em all performin in day time if they stopped here a month, an no chap cares particlar about runnin praps a mile in his pajamas ater midnight wid a big lantern.

At lass, ater a busy day, all gits weary ov talkin an fitin miskitos, an when the doctor an his friend breaks loose from our Misses an goes back to Wylie's, our set puts fur ther bunks, as udders

mostly has. But great talkin keeps up in them tents, as skerce enybody knows about that way ov lodgin. Whats more, they dont know how easy talkin's heerd nor how plain their shadders shows outside, so, as I walks a bit fur one more pipe, I learns things an I sees shadder picters whats wery curus an amusin to a onmarried feller or to amost enybody.

This mornin I gits up early, an ater dressin quiet takes a walk down along the road toward the Castle. On that white terris opposite, an all down the vally, there wus sich a steamin frum all them bilin water places in the cool air as it seemed there wus a railroad yard a mile long wid a lot ov tracks an every engine on the line puffin an blowin wile a waitin to start. All this here Fire-hole Basin, as they calls it, is that strange an dreary an fearful as to make eny man think he ought to quit his foolin afore old Nick has a chance ov bilin him, an be wery thankful the world's made mostly wid green vallys fur him an cool water handy. Them as hasn't seed natur all mixed up hasn't learned to valoo livin proper an dont know what they's got. These geysers an mountings is a great lay out to learn him. When I gits back to the offis, folks is jus beginning to show emselves thar. Sum talks about sleepin sc fine an ketchin no cold in them tents, but they's mostly agreed, what wus in or next to one ov em, as there wus a feller there snorin so powerful they couldn't sleep at all. Two men wus that riled as they wanted to chuck him in a geyser.

One gent next him went in, he sed, about every half hour to see if he was a dyin; but a old lady felt wery comforted, knowin he wud skeer off eny bars sure. Then there was a gay chap as called him the Nightengale Geyser, spoutin louder an steamin longer nor eny ever found afore. So, at lass, they all gits laughin, more an more as each new nabor cums in, and when the boss snorter hisself shows up we all gives him three cheers. He's that game as he makes a speech at breakfast, saying three wives got diworses owin to his scientific breathin, one ater bein fined for maintainin a nuisance. A fourth made him git a job as night editor, but died frum havin to go out in bad wedder when he was sleeping day times, an the one he has cum frum a deaf an dumb asylum, but can hear a little, an when he travels she allus stays to home. Then the folks begins singin "Home, Sweet Home," an gives him three cheers more. Ater breakfast, him an most ov the travellers comin yesterday starts on in their coaches fur the next stop, wery pleased as its to be a hotel wid thick walls. When they all goes, I stops along back ov the tents to see special the new hotel a bildin here. Its sure most curus, bein made entire ov pine logs wich shows the bark inside all the rooms an halls the same as on the outside, an its that big an fanciful as everybody will be a talkin ov it. Anoder year it'll be full of towerists an these tents wont be seed no more. So its interestin to tell what has bin one summer since the fust hotel was burned.

A bit later I sees the docter from Wylie's up here agin a waitin fur our Miss, an she passes the Count kind ov careless like to go a little walk wid him. Her sister gives the Barren anoder show, the widder an the parson gits together wery social, an me boss is sweet on that hansum Miss what stops over a day more here, too, wid her party. So, bein free, I talks wid the porters a wile an then cums into me tent to begin this letter whilst all's quiet an folks is mostly up by Old Faithful or lookin at workmen about the new hotel. About an hour ater, I hears sumthin wery interestin. There's slow walkin outside an a gent, speaking so low as it beats me to know wich he is, says, "I really mean it. Can I hope?" I starts that sudden as I drops me pen, and them steps goes off hasty, me not darin to go out of the tent to find whose they wus. When I dus, in half a hour, I'm a bit surprised to see a sort of new mix up in our set, the Count talkin wid our older Miss, while her sister is settin wid the brudder of the hansum un, an she wid the Barren. Only the widder and the parson is still togedder, but a piece away. It's all wery confusin, sure.

About noon a line of wagins cums up from the Fountain Hotel, an we all stands around to see that strange gang ov dusty folks an Larry dealin out his chips fur a new game. A congressman cove wid a big family was a gettin into that deal free. Then there was a old swell steered in by a wife that young an fine dressed as he must have a pile ov money to set her up sum time

fur keepin eny faster trottin mate she may fancy. The rest ov the crowd had mostly good brand prary cattle into it.

A bit afore dinner, the professor an his old woman cums in to feed with the parson. Aterwards them an the widder goes out to talk by the tents. Mrs. Professor finds as the widder knows no collige folks an the widder finds she knows no sassiety, so they sort o' travels on two tracks; but the two old gents butts together on one, discussin natral revelashun and spirit revelashun that long as nobody but miskitos seems interested in stayin by em. About half past two the guide rounds up them new travellers to track over the terris, an the professor an his wife starts wid em to go back to ther camp. Then I cums into me tent to finish this here letter, wich is me last from the Upper Basin, as we starts on in the mornin. So, wishin you wus here tonight to take a bit ov a walk an give me sum ov them kisses what is sweeter nor cream caramels or toasted marshmallows, I'm allus your'n,

Lovin and true,

RUBE SHUFFLE.

LETTER NO. 8.

THE LAKE HOTEL, Saturday, July 25th.
ME DEAR SOPHIE ANN,

We rid thirty-five mile yesterday from the Upper Basin to this third sleepin place, an I have nigh as many things to tell about as a letter carrier has parcels at Christmas time. But I'm no-ways hurried ritin, seein as we stops here til Monday. This is partly because the place is so charmin an partly as, wid that parson amongst us, nobody likes to speak about travellin tomorrow.

Leaving that Firehole Vally yesterday ater breakfast, we had a send off from Larry mighty cheerin and friendly. When he bids us good bye he says he dont know where we'll be goin sooner or later, wedder to have sky parlors or to board wid old Nick, but he hopes we'll be contented as he is, seeing as he has friends in both places.

Old Faithful gives us a partin show as we drives away from that steamin white Basin wid all its astonishin doins, an, bearin south east, we rolls along by the river, glad to see plenty of green grass an flourishin trees agen. That river from here gits back its name ov Madison, wich it loses goin throo the lime places what old Nick's staked

off fur his mean bisness ov trien to ruin all crea-shun. Ater crossing a bridge an draggin up hill on the east side, we sees, over a mile out, sum stunnin cascades; not them taller uns but good cool drinkin water what runs like down a lot ov rocky steps over a hundred an fifty foot amongst fine woods an is sure pooty to look on. They's named the Keppler Cascades.

Draggin on up in nice shade an crossin the river twiste more, we passes a side road the driver says goes to the Lone Star Geyser, wich few folks gits close to see. He says its big as a haystack, wid curus colored stripin down the sides, an plays, thin like an steamy, sixty foot high quite frequent. Here we leaves the river and turns east, goin up steady fur two miles in a charmin windin green canyon wid hansum pine woods onto its steep sides, and Spring Creek, what its named for, runnin past us. Still we keeps on up in them wild woods.

I've seed big lumber yards in Chicago wid piles ov boards as big as houses an stacks ov udder sawed stuff, but I never knowd afore how illigant livin timber wus nor what mighty lots ov it might be a growin proud an strong where there's no railroads or sizable rivers about. Where them is, the woods has no more show nor grass in a prary fire. It seems like as Injins an heathen lives peacable wid natur an lets old earth keep most ov her fedders on, but the rest ov us allus wants to pluck her bare as a turkey fur roastin. So its wery pleasin, when we pulls up throo miles

of them hansum big green pines wid sort of yaller trunks an only grass a growin under em, to know as eny chaps havin axes an buz saws cant fool around in this ere Park.

At startin frum the Basin, folks sed we wus goin over the Divide to the Thumb. This stumpt me an I kept quiet. I've had me fingers in divides when sum flush gent left a ten fur two or three ov us waiters at the hotel, but I couldn't catch onto this thumb play. Now the driver says the Divide is, so to say, the top ov the roof ov these Rocky Mountings, part of the rains here runnin to the Pacific Ocean an part to the Mississippi. The mountings makes a loop in these parts, so, drivin east, we has to cross em twiste. When we reaches the fust place we goes between sum mighty steep cliffs, which is Craig's Pass, an is amost eight and a half thousand foot high there. Our folks inside took to callin them big mountings altitudes an got busy askin each udder about ther breathin. It begun when the parson asks the two Misses wery serious if they felt their hearts palpitatin unusual, an they was sudden that flushed up as he tells em to be wery keerful an not over do emselves. The widder seemed to have as much breath on altitudes, as eny where else, an as she'd bin talkin steady fur two hours all the way up, the parson thought ther must be grate mistakes in the surveyin. That old lady is sure either a tip top talker or a low down one, as you likes. Only the four hosses had eny real trouble

a breathin comin up, but nobody wus askin em how they felt or wishin em to stop exercisin.

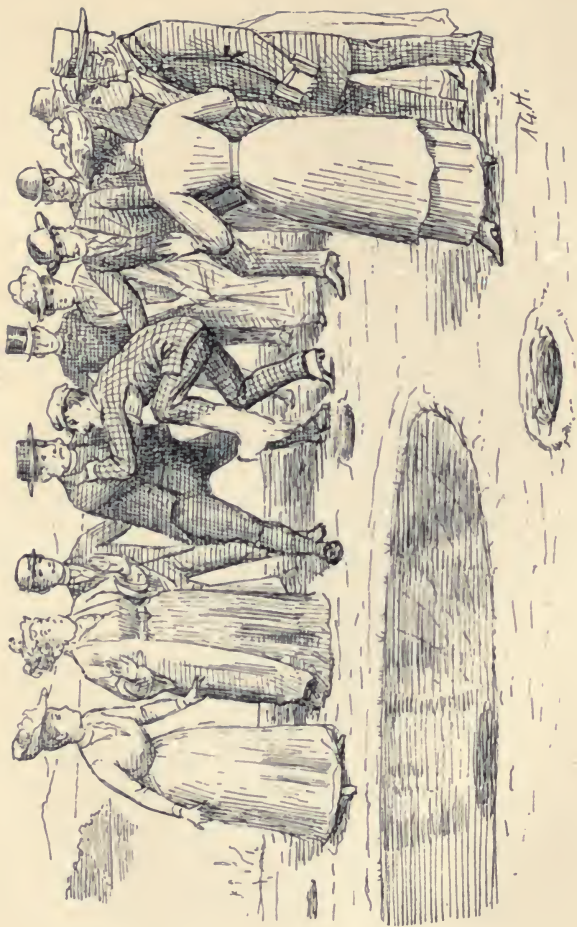
Soon we gits to a openin in all them big pine trees an stops to look throo it at sum stunnin seenry. Far an away below in the miles an miles ov rollin woods wus a charmin lake called Shoshone, wich the driver says is about seven miles long an has sum geysers at its west end. Way over it, fifty miles off, we seed sum fine ragged blue mountings named the Teton Sentinels, one ov nigh fourteen thousand foot being the highest ov these here Rockys. There's a way to that lake from up the Madison River Vally by the Lone Star, but scarce eny body goes to it.

From Shoshone Point, where we stops, we goes down a while an then up agen to cross the divide onct more in a open space, pleasin to look at as some flush gent's big private park. A bit south of us, as we go still east'rd, is, the driver says, Two Ocean Pond, wich has water flowin frum two sides to the two sides ov America. Then, frum eight thousand foot high, we begins to go down agen. I'm sure mighty pleased we goes keerful, as its the finest road I've seed fur automobile swells whats trying to kill emselves, bein that smooth an steep. On sum ov them turns they cud do the trick easy an go off so fur down as no litter wud be in enybody's way to clean up.

At one place we meets a line ov emigrant wagins comin up from the east to cross the Park. They certain made a poor show alongside ov our folks in yellor coaches an nice clos, but, when I

looks pitiful like at them unshaved men an weary wimen an all the kids in faded duds, an the heavy old wagins an the lean hosses a pullin sich loads up throo the dust, I thinks that one day, perhaps, sum o' them men or kids will be havin big ranches or gold mines an travellin in ther private cars an sittin in opery boxes as swell as any one in Chicago. There's no tellin in this western country what fellers as strikes out bold an persevering maynt git onto. I've seed when I wus waiter more nor one chap pickin his teeth with his fork, forgetful like, what had dun a heap more high climbin an a lot more to help udders git rich than sum ov them genteel bank clerks cud if they lived two hundred years—them as holds up a napkin to show what they's doin.

Well, ater passin them emigrants, we by an by sees anodder lake on ahead, and goin down gradual rolls along a fine, strait road like a boolevard, wid a row of trees each side. By noon we gits to the lake side an drives up to the open porch ov a red house facin it. This is the dinner place at the Thumb, says the driver, nineteen miles from the Upper Basin. When folks is out ov all the wagins and gits the dust shook off a bit, they soon hussels into the dinin room, where the feeds particlar good an there's pleasin white waitin gals to make it seem gooder. Afore goin in I asks a porter why they calls that lake the Thumb. Then he shows me a map an I seed a big space, marked Yellowstun Lake, lookin like a hand ov sum chap what's had a gunnin accident. Two sort ov



A Paint Pot Incident

mashed fingers an a stump ov one lays to the south, an on this west side is the bay we sees like a bad swelled thumb. Aterwards he pinto to a black line goin down frum here an sed it wus the road south out ov the Park. It leads throo Togwater Pass, says he, an by Lewis Lake an the Lewis River Vally an canyon, wid the Red Mountings east'ard, an has stavin fine scenry. Scarcely eny tourists goes out that way now, but some day soon it may be the best an easiest road here. I noticed as Shoshone, an Lewis an Yellerstun lakes wus all betwixt seven thousand seven hundred an seven thousand eight hundred above sea, wich is mighty high water. I also seed as we wus today the furdest south we wud git on this tower.

Ater dinner folks all looks wery pleased at this hansum bay, over four miles wide, an out over that big wet hand fifteen miles, to mountings on the far shore. There wus a little pier nigh us runnin into the lake an a pony steamboat hitched on to the end ov it.

That water seenry wus so cheerin to look at as, ater leavin all them big dreary lime basins the udder side ov the mountings, I wus kind ov took bad to see a wide white bank reachin to the shore jus north ov us an hear a guide roundin folks up to wisit more hot pools an paint pots. But when I thinks I cud make a good livin out ov eny left over steamin hole hereabout if I had it on a lot in Chicago, I follows along more peacable.

Soon our folks is wery pleased to see the pro-

fesser an his party comin frum the Wylie lunch station tents nigh here to see that bank too. Ater shakin hands all round, an the docter introducin them lively school Misses, the croud gits out on the lime, wich has sort ov low terrises til it cums to the lake. The professor says its "silicious," like all them udder basins, wich seems to mean the opposite ov delicious fur eny thing growin. There's shaller pools ov hot bluin water in all sizes, ov course, sum on em overflowin a bit now an agen, but nun's got spunk enuf to do eny spoutin, even when they've nozzles. Then there's a bilin mortar paint pot about the size ov that at the Fountain Hotel but not deep sunk an wid, praps, a little more pale colorin. Nigh it is sum mean hot holes no bigger nor nail kegs.

Its at one ov them as we has a mighty stirrin time. While the Barren wus backin away polite to giv the ladies room, he jus lets one ov his legs drop into the littlest hot mortar hole about, an if the parson hadn't yanked him out quick there'd have bin a half cooked furrin gent to box up soon an ship east on the Northern Pacific, an wid no savins, as it allus charges nice corpses full fust class fare in baggage cars.

As it wus, the Barren gits his leg out all white-washed an smokin hot an mighty bad blistered. He begun talkin a lot in his langwich about it, but its likely jus as well I didn't understand him. When he wus helped to the house a good woman there, what has things ready fur sich bilin accidents, fixes his leg up more comfortable, wile

folks mostly goes from them pesky paint pots down to the pier. Nigh it is sumthing wery curus. Its a bilin spring six foot wide in a sort ov big lime salt celler, stickin out frum the shore into the cool lake, where a chap might hook a fish an cook it the next minnit wery handy.

All the Wylie folks goes reglar by that pony steamboat I sed wus at the end ov the pier to the north end ov the lake. Folks travellin as we does keeps on by stages as usual, but the captin is that prevailin about goin a bit around the lake, an seein sum buffaloes on a island, as sum ov our hotel towerists pays their five dollars extra fur the water trip. The Barren limps down an goes aboard, thinkin its easier fur his biled leg that way. But the widder's mighty skeery, an her an her darters not takin the boat, the parson an me boss is that polite as they stays off too. Praps the Count is more willin ater seein the hansum Miss's party on the upper deck an the young docter a holdin her parasol. Enyhow, him an the widder's darter is gittin quite thick agen.

By an by, that pony boat's untied an goes, keelin a bit, out across the bay like a kid's toy in a millpond. Then we tracks up to the lunch station an soon our coaches drives up frum the stables a bit down the shore an we gits in fur the aternoon drive. Passin by the lime terrises, we rolls north a ways by the pooty shore ov the Thumb, wid woods the udder side. Three miles on, we follows that pleasin shore east as fur agen

an then strikes into the woods northeast to go over a mounting what sticks out into the lake atween the Thumb bay an the wrist.

Onct we seed a elk nigh the road, an he stood lookin at us, careless as them in Lincon Park. The driver says as, if he was walkin, he'd sooner meet a bar nor an elk eny day, fur bars mostly remembers, wery sudden, sum pressin bisness in the woods, but elks puts up a bluff that presumin as a chap has to git out ov the game. Sumtimes folks sees big bunches ov elks an a kind ov big Jew-nosed critter called a moose, but in summer they loaf usual in higher, quieter places than roads is. Howsumever, every livin thing's mighty tame in this here Park, an acts as he'd made the no shootin laws hisself. The parson says its like the Garden ov Eden, but his son, that collige feller by me, told him that fust class old private Zoo wouldn't ha been in it if Adam had ever taken to tenderloin steak or woodcock instead ov apples an had found sumthing to shoot wid.

Whilst we dragged up a narrer dusty road in the thick pine woods on that mounting, there wus sum more talk about Eden life. It wus when miskitos wus bitin us savage. The parson sed them insects couldn't have been created until the fall ov man. The widder wus sure ov it, as early fashuns wud have bin wery different an Eve couldn't have wore sich low necks an short skirts, but the cherubim what put Adam an his gal out might have bin sum big sort ov miskitos

an the skin coats they got wud then have made the two only partly comftable. I never heerd the widder talk that reckless, but the nips we wus gittin made sum cheerin idees needful. The parson sed they wus new, enyway.

Well, at lass we gits over the back ov that wooded mounting, an when we're well down we sees, on ahead thru the trees, the north end ov Yellerstun Lake. At the bottom the driver soon shows us, up on a hill side to the left, the great sight of the drive. It's a natral bridge across a steep place where the water's washed out a openin forty foot high an thirty wide.

Drivin along a bit on the level in more open pleasin seenry, we comes to that charmin big lake an follows a nice shaded road along the shore, bearin steady noreast, until, soon ater four, we sees through the trees this here Lake Hotel, sixteen miles by road frum the Thumb lunchin place. Its a fine appearin long wooden bildin, four or five stories high, painted white, wid a front piazzy. It stands up a wide lawn, facin the lake an havin woods behind. Sum udder houses is further on nigher the shore an there's a small pier where that pony steamboat is hitched agen, gittin here ahead ov us wid the folks frum Thumb Bay an sort o' chaffin us about two empty stages it played on us.

Now, as I've told you a lot, Sophie Ann, I'll save up what we did later on yesterday, an eny doins today, fur me Sunday letter tomorrer, seein' as I have a heap ov time fur ritin then.

86 YELLOWSTONE LETTERS

So, hopin your Missis is easy wid you an as
there's no coachmen or udder chaps foolin round
too intimate, I'm allus,

 Lovin an true,

 RUBE SHUFFLE.

LETTER NO. 9.

THE LAKE HOTEL, Sunday, July 26th.

ME DEAR SOPHIE ANN,

The parson is sure right about restin Sundays, even if natur dont. Its allus workin, he says, fur good an sich bisness can be did enytime. Trees keep a growin an rivers a runnin down hill because it isn't tiresum, but folks whats not over decent needs a stop now an then to think serious an a big lot ov men an wimen, what has to run up hill most ov the week, needs a peaceful day off fur rest. If, besides, eny ov em can take life easy, an specially in sich charmin places as this here, its certain a time to make a good show ov bein thankful. These idees cum as I sits lookin this aternoon out, nigh twenty miles south across Yellerstun Lake wid high green mountings all about it an streaks ov snow up onto sum ov em. All that spread ov cool blue water is more pleasin ater the days we've passed in dry, hot, an dusty places, where mostly only bilin water wus on tap an akers ov lime wus the seenry.

Now I goes back to doins when we gits here Friday aternoon. Whilst gents is signin fur rooms, all the ladies stands on the piazzy sayin "lovely" about that lake, or sets in the big offis

hall swappin talk about the natral bridge an the buffalo, or studyin folks they haint seen afore. Then they mostly goes to their rooms til supper, but the men sports cant get off too speedy a fishin, the parson an his son bein eager as enybody. Every man or two hires a boat, a chap to row it, an tackle if they hasn't none, an goes up a mile or two nigh the Outlet.

The fish is that eager to be cotched as they bites at fedders or amost enything, an each sport when he gits back at supper time thinks he's "it." They brings back frum twenty five to fifty lake trout apiece, an sum fellers is proud as a kid wid the fust bag ov marbles he's won. Them strings ov trout is all hung on a frame by the piazzy fur show an fur flies to swarm onto, bein a big waste ov good eatin, as the hotel gits plenty udder ways. The Count has a lot ov hooks wid fedders in a fine wallet, but he dont go fishin, allus pretendin to be a sport wile never doin nothin, he's that unhandy an lazy an keerful of his clos. He's a curus cuss, enyway. He dont seem to know his own minds in most things, if he has eny, as he's fust arguin one way an then anoder. He's wery genteel to see but considerable mean an onprincipled if he's crouded enyways uncomftable. He never got ahead in eny thing I ever hears him tell ov, wile allus talkin of lots he might ha' dun if sumthin hadn't gone contrary. Its lucky he gits big pay frum sum trust concern, fur if his dad hadn't bin rich he'd bin a waiter or a bunco steerer afore now, fur eatin an drink-



Seeing the Bears

in an gamblin is all he knows about or finds pleasin. He seems to like gals best what he can talk to as if they wus barmaids, an it looks now as he wus only tryin to find wich of the Missis he's met has the most boodle. I'm gittin these idees gradual as I knows him better, but he has the swag to spend, an whilst I gits me scoop ov it I'm sayin nothin exceptin on the side to you.

Afore supper the Barren sends fur me to fix up his biled leg agen, wid that young doctor a tellin me how to do it. He's wery pesky about stayin in bed ontill next day. When the docter goes, I sort o' looks fur a half dollar, but he up an borrows a five, sayin he's got short an will give me six back when he gits money he left at Hot Springs. As some skeery gents dun this, fearin stage robbers or loss ov their wads sumhow durin the tower, I spose its all right.

Ater supper, when a lot ov trout wus eat, folks sits on the piazzzy a wile, lookin at the lake an all them fine mountings in the sunset light. Then sum on us goes back ov the hotel to an openin in the woods to see more bars havin a free garbage feed. They mostly walks about quite lazy, but when they runs its like a big black sack ov flour a gallopin. On comin back about dark, the young folks wants to dance, but there's no band an it seems as our Missis an the hansum Miss an sum udder swell gals in the croud cant play the piany widout ther copy books, or only plays a few complainin sort ov German tunes what makes the men shut their eyes an the wimen look at the

ceilin. At lass, one ov them merry school Misses wid the professor sets down an slings out sich stirrin music as wakes up everybody an starts dancin so mighty lively as sum ov the older folks goes to polishin that floor wid the young uns. I left em all a bumpin about wery active when I made tracks fur bed.

That wus Friday night, when the professor's party cum over frum the Wylie Camp to wisit our folks an the hansum Missis' party what they got to know on the boat that aternoon. Yesterday mornin a bunch ov us, ater breakfast, an ater the stages gits off fur the canyon, took a mile walk up along by the lake to the Outlet to wisit them back. Their tents in the woods wus much like them we seed at the Upper Basin an everybody had the look ov enjoyin emselves, livin simple an easy. The docter showed the hansum Miss about, an her brudder wus wery social wid that school Miss what played the piany so obligin. This left the Count an our spoony Miss to make a bluff ov not carin fur camp life, wile her sister wus throwin out a little bait to the collige chap to see what he knowd about nibblin.

The widder wusn't so much interested in tent livin. When she asks the professor's lady how she dun to keep her dimunds safe an heerd she had only the one in her engagement ring, there wusn't much more talkin atween em, an the professor had a chance to tell us what he'd found out about the lake an the country on its far sides. He sed as the Yellerstun River, goin frum here at

the north end Outlet, begins fur up in them mountings south ov the lake an helps a lot ov little streams all around to fill it, makin it three hundred foot deep nigh the middle. There's sum islands spotted about an the shores has sevrall lime banks wid hot springs, smaller than them at Thumb bay, wich a new road around the lake will show. The guides tells him how they sum-times takes gents, as stays here a wile an likes nosin about in wild places, to the south east parts ov the Park where there's sum mountings nigh eleven thousand foot high an tip top seenry. Good roads will go there sum day so as more folks can see it easy. There's a bridge crossin the river nigh the Outlet an a new road east'ard where there's a fine side trip easy now. It follers up Pelican Creek vally an along by Turbid Lake an the sides of Avalanche Peek to Sylvan Pass eighteen miles away. But, until a hotel's bilt there sum time, folks has to take their grub an tents. Anoder new road will go furder north an east to Pelican Hill an on out ov the Park that way. So, in a few years, seein the Park good will cost about twiste what me boss chips in now.

Ater our walk back frum the Wylie Camp, all the gents goes fishin agen. It's sure kind o' curus to hear the parson talkin Friday about all critters bein safe frum cruel man in this Garden ov Eden, an sayin yesterday mornin as how he wus so glad not to kill eny poor worms on his hook, an then comin back wid forty bleedin trout what nobody would eat, all because sum needy young

fellers had to catch fishes a long time ago fur a livin, afore they gits to bein apostles. When I sed all the gents went a fishin, I dont mean the Count. He gits a good shave in the barber shop an then sets awhile readin a Chicago paper nigh a week old, but later nor eny we'd seen fur two or three days. The Park's a mighty poor place fur eny gent livin on news. Then he goes to the ritin room to scratch off sum letters an I gits free to finish the one I sends you yesterday, wich I did a bit on early.

When dinner's ready at one o'clock, the Barren cums limpin in wid his biled leg, an aterwards, when he sets on the piazzy an puts it careful on anoder chair, everybody swarms about him very friendly, askin if it hurts as much to be biled in paint pots as eny way else. The wimen is very interested, praps because they'r more mixed up wid cookin an as cooked Barrens is oncommon; but gents dont show so much feelin, speshully when that furrin chap tells as sumhow he must have lost his pocket book in the confusin time when the parson wus a pullin him out ov that mud hole. As they drops away, one feller says its mighty ruff on the parson, but its a kind ov joke nobody cares to tell him.

In the middle ov the aternoon sum more coaches cum over the mounting road frum the Thumb an that pony steamboat fetched anoder load of folks by water, so we had a new show ov towerists to look at the rest ov the day, sort ov snuffin at em like sheep when a strange flock is

druv into the same pæn. There wus more men fishin afore supper, but a few took their gals out a rowin. Udder wimen wus buyin fotos or candy or Injun notions at the store or just settin about hashin over talk like what I heered Friday. Ater supper the croud listened a wile to a slim lady spoutin sumbody's wersedes so as to spile all the rimes an half the sense, scowlin an makin motions like mad. Then a weak young chap sings about a warrior bold, ontill some old gents playin whist in a corner looks about dun up. A bit later, a old maid tries to git up a gessin game. It takes the cake, fur all the young folks gesses they'll take a moonlight walk an the old uns as they'll go to bed, an everybody gesses right. A feller on the piazzzy whats bin here a week says sum evenings showd up smart people an wus very pleasin, but wid a new mix in about every day you has to take your chances. Its like a welsh rabbit, either mighty tasty or mighty tough.

This mornin many folks goin on in the stages had to breakfast at eight, but our good set, as had fixed to keep Sunday proper, wus able to snooze til ater nine. Later on there wus sum talk an askin about service. The parson sed it wus his day ov rest in summer time, but if there wus enuf Episcopal folks, he cud read sum ov the prayer book, even if that place wusn't consecrated, wich wus very obligin, seein as there wus no tips. Then there wus more talk an as many differin notions about services as there is ways to cook eggs. Nobody's receipt wus pleasin enuf,

so a peacable old man spoke about how all might go to ther rooms an read ther Bibles an plan out how to live better an then look at this here charm-in seenry, quiet like, an learn to be thankful. Sum folks dun it an sum went a fishin. The doc-ter cum frum Wylie's to see the Barren's biled leg two minnits an the sansum Miss two hours. He sed a good many at the camp had bin singin hymns. Ater early dinner, people mostly kept out ov eny sinful thinkin or doins by sleeping until the pony steamboat an more stages cums, wid anoder drove ov folks, frum the Upper Basin.

Them stages in this here Nas'nal Park all cums around one way, like the pinters ov a clock goin backward; but the Lake Hotel, bein a bit nigher the Hot Springs an the railroad on the east side of the circle than the Upper Basin is on the west, has wagins, bringin all it needs, turn east to it frum Norrises. I may say here as there's a telegraf goin all around to these hotels we stops at, so if letters an papers is wery uncertain fur them towerists as mostly goes on steady every day, there's allus a way ov talking speshul.

This mornin I walks around by the kitchen door, thinkin I'd pass time talkin wid sum ov the help, when I seed a most curus tramp a waitin there fur sumthin to eat. Tho he acted as he wus poor an hungry, he had a suit ov clos on what wud cost nigh a hundred dollars in Chicago, but no hat or shoes, an he couldn't talk eny at all. This aint so surprisin if I tells you he wus a big

bar, nor is it more surprisin if I says I walked back agen wery speedy to the front piazzy.

Now, Sophie Ann, I've set out all the news I can think on, like a lot ov nice dishes fur dinner on a patched table cloth. I can only say yet as I still loves you more nor eny hoss loves clover or lumps ov sugar. Your eyes is clear as a cut glass tumbler ov spring water, your cheeks is pretty colored as the inside ov a watermellon, your lips is tinted fine as a reddish, your arms is smooth as a peapod an your shape is that charmin as no vegetable or bunch ov vegetables cud equal it. Sayin all of wich most earnest, I'm allus

Your'n, lovin an true,

RUBE SHUFFLE.

P. S.—Tomorrow mornin, ater three nights rest here, our wagin load drives on to the Canyon Hotel, about eighteen miles away, where, they says, we's to see the biggest show ov the Park.

LETTER NO. 10.

GRAND CANYON HOTEL,
Monday Evening, July 27th.

ME DEAR SOPHIE ANN,

Every time I begins ritin, I'm afeard, so to say, as I cant grind up proper all the coffy I gits, but as the coffy I has to night is the dollar a pound sort, you'll like it sure, whatever the mill be.

In me lass letter, I rote sumthin about us mak-in this here Park tower like the pinters ov a clock goin backward. To git it easy in your head, jus fancy us cum down to Norrises where we fust kind ov starts around frum the figger twelve, goin backward. At nigh the nine we're down to the Fountain Hotel, at the eight we stops at the Upper Basin, at the six we eats at the Thumb, at the four we stays in the Lake Hotel, at the two we's here, an frum here we goes on to Norrises agen an up to the Hot Springs. Most folks, ater their fust night at the Springs Hotel, stops but four nights more at udders afore they gits back to it an on to Gard'ner, but, as you knows, we've let our clock stop often an seen things easy like.

Now I'll rite you, me dear, what has cum off

today. Leavin the Lake Hotel wid sum udder coaches clus to nine o'clock, we drives along the shady road by the lake, takin our last look at all that stunnin seenry. When we passed the Wylie Camp there wus nobody we knowd, that professor's party havin went earlier. On gittin to the Outlet, we goes nigh north along by the shaller clear Yellerstun river runnin from there, an gradual turns wid it to the northwest in fine open country, where ther'd be mighty good farms if emigrants wus let in to settle.

About five miles out we cums to where old Nick has staked out a little claim ov white clay sile, an everybody gits out to see the Mud Geysers. There's mean soft lookin places all about, but the great show is a bit up the hill in an openin where the trees is all kilt out. Climbin up that putty lookin slope, we lines up clus to the woods by a fearful hole like a big funnel. Thirty foot down into it is like a well of hot stinkin thin putty splashin an tumblin an rumblin as it had a great egg beater a stirrin it. If that grey stuff could ha bin eggs, they wus bad uns sure. Sum years ago it spouted out terrible, says the driver, coverin a lot ov trees wid the mud inside an runnin down all that slope to the river. The more we looks the wus it seems an smells an we goes down, wery willin to drive on again.

Then we rolls north in Hayden Vally, a broad open rollin sort of country almost like prary, wid low wooded hills far at each side. By an by, draggin over a high rise ov ground wid

bunchy grass, fur frum the river, we sees, on the udder side, a whitish big bump ov a hill standin amost alone. Its called Sulfer Mounting an is high as eny big offis bildin. We drives down an along by the bottom ov it, lookin at the white an yeller streaks all down its sides an smellin the sulfer easy. This scent is wery strong when we stops alongside ov a clear pool twenty foot across, wid a mighty thick yaller border. The water into it is steamin an bilin wicked, swellin an tossin an bustin up nigh as high as I be an runnin off steady in a gutter what's steamin an yeller too. There's more steamin places nigh it an down on the udder side ov the road we sees lots ov hot springs an them bilin putty holes, all frettin continual.

It seems as we wud never git quit ov places where old Nick has bin a campin in these mountings an spilin green things wid the ashes ov his fires an the hot water frum his kettles, but them bad smellin mud holes is the wust yet. Howsumever, we soon reaches the river agen, where its over two hundred foot wide runnin along in pooty seenry, peaceful as a young robin in a nest an never thinkin what a tumble it'll have, by an by, when its pushed out. Followin it norwest a bit an then north, we sees it beginnin to run down hill wery speedy an excited, foammin over a good many rocks like mad. Then reachin a narrer place atween steep wooded hills, it turns east'ard swift as a automobile in a race, an in a minit or two goes splashin along desperate like, down a

slope ov rocky steps wich is called Cascades. Slidin on frum there slick as glass an shootin under a high bridge, it sudden dives into a place that deep as we cant at fust see the bottom. But when the stages all stops we gits out, exceptin the widder an the Barren, to go thru sum trees an down a skeery kind ov rock wid a wood railin until we gits out on a pint over them Upper Falls.

Frum that edge across nigh us, the river is plungin down a hundred an forty foot an roarin like a hundred an forty lions, wile, frum the rocks way below, clouds ov spray is blowin all about an wettin the banks there so as mosses is fine colored as green velvet. Sum folks gits that light headed as udders has to help em up the rock agen. The Count an the parson goin only half way down, me an the collige chap has to steer our two Misses back, an its sure pleasin havin them kind ov gals holdin to a feller so tight, tho of course, Sophie Ann, I'll never go back on you.

When we're all in the coaches we drives down thru a shady holler an over a little bridge where there's Cascade Creek comin into the river, fallin a hundred an thirty foot over a bluff jus by us, an where there's a look ahead that charmin as it seems like a dream pieter. Then we winds up a high open hill beyond the raveen, as its called, where the Falls is, an on the upper level we gits to this hotel, wich we fust seed quite a bit away, about noon.

This hotel is nigh as large as the udders we's bin at. Frum the piazzy folks looks down an fur away over the country hereabout. The raveen is mostly hid by trees, but there's fine green stretches an rollin wooded hills all around, an tops ov mountings off behind. To the left, quite a bit frum the hotel, is a big open place running nor'east frum the raveen, but its part hid by woods, an everybody bein hungry, dinner is jus then more interestin. So, ater I does the needful fur the Count, unpackin his suit cases an sich, he goes in to git his stuffin an I follers a wile later.

When all's had their grub very contented an gits rested sum frum the mornin ride, wagins cum over frum the stables to take em to see what's called the Grand Canyon ov the Yellerstun. My folks has bin talkin wid the hansum Missis' family an the professer's party, what all got here sooner, an every one's that pleased at bein together agen as they wants to go in the same wagin. This cant be did, but they gits so puzzled makin a pleasin deal, wid the right an left bowers fair divided, as they has to load up amost eny way in the croud afore startin, like people in a street car. Them wagins has side seats similar. Ater the Count misses two inside chances, we sets front by a driver.

Goin off at lass, we drives down the open slope a ways an then turns to left along a road nigh that big empty place we seed frum the hotel, but wich we cant look at clear fur a strip ov trees comin between . Howsumever, in nigh a mile over



On Point Lookout

that level road the wagins stops. Gittin out an walkin thru them trees an down a slope ov white clay, we goes out on a long pint that narrer an dangersome as we all steps very careful. Its called Pint Lookout, an a chap need to look out fur hisself as much as fur seenry. There's a wood railin along an around the end ov that pint, wich is sure needful, as when we looks down an about it seems as we wus on a terrible high steeple. Jus fancy a ant on a juttin out place at the edge ov a railroad cuttin, wid a little gutter at the bottom ov the slopin sides instead ov a flat place or eny tracks, an fancy that ant mighty dizzy an you may know what I seed an how I wus feelin. This big windin cuttin is twelve hundred foot deep, nigh half a mile across an ten miles long. Its lime edges drop straight a bit. Then cum the long slopes lookin as they wus a wash down ov salt wid considrable mustard mixed in an, lower down, sum red pepper an a little black, all ov it nigh coverin the under rocks an sile. But there's a lot ov pints stickin out frum the edges an a lot ov steeples stickin up all about on the slopes, whats bin too tough to wash away so easy, an makes a stunnin fine show. Onto the tips ov sum ov them steeples below is eagle nests, an I sure pitied the young uns thinkin ov flyin when they peeked down as I wus a doin.

That gutter way at the bottom, lookin like a blue ribbon, is the Yellerstun River, more nor a hundred foot wide; an wait til I tells you how

it gits there. At the upper end ov the canyon a big wall ov rocks goes across, same as a mighty high dam, an a curvin place at the top is the end ov that raveen we seed this mornin. So all the water frum them Upper Falls an the Cascade Falls nigh em comes slidin along, wery rapid an clear fur a ways, an then, turnin a bit, an sort ov shuttin its eyes, it pours over that dam at a place seventy five foot wide an drops three hundred an sixty foot down most splendid, foam in an roarin as if all the big geysers ov all the basins wus piped off into it an goin continual. Praps them stunnin Lower Falls is makin a grand stand play day an night to have folks go away thinkin the once-an-a-wile squirters is only a sort ov side shows. Enyway, tho we looks down on that plungin river frum a good bit higher place, it makes a lay out in that mighty canyon what nobody has seed the like ov. Seein everything so fur down an away in that great empty place makes the colorin fainter an softer nor eny pic-ters they sells, but its sure amazin fur the size an the bild ov it. The professor says as how springs all about nigh the top washes down lime, wid sulfer an iron an sich to do the stainin. This stainin, wich fellers in the gush ritin bisness says is like rainbows an sunsets an bokays, looks mostly like a big sprinklin ov mustard an sum red pepper, as I wus sayin, an there's railroad cuttins showin all them colorins, but nun so big.

The opposite side ov the canyon aint yet wis-ited eny by towerists, but the new bridge we seed

above the Upper Falls an new roads frum it will give folks a lot more chances to git dizzy. I seed sum deer lyin nigh the edge, way across, what didn't seem to care a car ticket fur scenry. When we quits Pint Lookout, where we wus then an wich shows the Falls finest, we drives on nigh anoder mile an then goes out on a narrerer pint named Grand View. I never holds so tight to a railin afore as I dus wile a sneakin along out the ridge ov these here pints an peekin at them steep lime toboggan slides away down on each side. If a chap was to slip, he'd hop to that little river like a acorn on a barn roof. What we seed here wus much like the fust pint, but the Falls wus funder an the slopes nigh us wus finer colored. Giddy folks had jus as pleasin a time, speshly wen sum as hadn't enuf brains to be giddy stood on risky places to be more interestin than enywhere else. Then a few seemed as they wus goin to stay on that pint til the next day an kept amost everybody a waitin in the wagins fur em. The parson wus one, an he sure gits enuf idees fur sermon trimmin all next winter.

At lass we druv on by that fringe ov trees til we wus three miles frum the hotel, when we rounds up into a grove an tracks out to the riskiest place yet, wich is fifteen hundred foot abuv the bottom an called Inspiration Pint. There we goes down a rounded white clay slope an out quite a bit by a wood railin, like as we wus walkin along the top ov a narrer book pulled out partly frum udders on a high shelf. At the end

all that seenry is splendifirous an amazin an fearful deep, as we seed it afore. The Falls is nigh three miles away, but the lower part of the canyon is better looked at, windin off to the nor-east, wid that little Yellerstun River runnin to hide peaceful a while among wooded mountings ater its stunning double trapees performin in the biggest hipperdrom I knows ov. Soon, the driver says, it turns north to Yancey's, then on norwest to Livingstun an east'ard to jine the Missouri at North Dakoty. But there's nothin like its show stunt here to tell ov aterwards.

Well, we stands on that Inspiration Pint quite a spell, sum folks seemin a dreamin like, an sum talkin that continual as they wus sellin sumthin to stop tooth ache on a street corner. They's mostly the common sort, but one chap wid long hair spouts a heap of verry pleasin poetry.

Our two Misses an the hansum un an her brudder an the docter an me boss wus all together, wid the parson an his son a bit behind, when we started back frum the pint. Gittin to that slope what had no railin, we seed the widder an the Barren afeard to come further down, an the widder says to be keerful a comin up an she's so glad we's got back safe. At that, her older darter gits funnin an calls out as she's goin to the pint agen. Turnin verry careless, what doesn't she do but fall down an begin a rollin. I grabs at one ov her feet nighest me, not bein particlar jus then, but the shoe cums off an she keeps on a goin. Things looks fearful when, sudden, the hansum Missis

brudder jerks out a big knife, makes a slide like a baseball sharp across that curvin slope, jus catches that rollin gal's petticoat afore she goes to kingdom cum, an jabs his knife into the clay wid the udder hand, to hold onto. It wus did that quick as nobody cud say a word afore he called out to help em up. His hold wus nun too good an our Missis wus lyin like a umbrella inside out, so us men holds hands in a line very speedy an I reached fur his wrist an drug em careful up safe. Then the widder faints, an we stops her a rollin too jus in time, she bein that hefty as only a big anker cud ov kep her steady.

When we gits em both to the wagin, folks all cums round to congraterlate our Miss about her not droppin out ov the party. This wus sed by one ov them jokin chaps you allus finds in every mix up, who never knowd her afore, nor afterwards. She wus very riled about that show she made, tho it wus sure a credit to eny young woman, an her stockins hadn't a hole in em enywhere. So, when I gives her that little shoe an she puts it on an takes a reef sumhow in her draggin petticoat, we hussels into the wagin frum that croud an starts back speedy to this hotel, her blushin an frettin in a corner an her sister fannin the old 'oman. They don't cum down to supper this evenin, but ater it all the wimen wus a sendin em smellin bottles an swarmin about the spry gent that thick as the Barren an his biled leg had no more show in the hero bisness at all.

By an by that brudder of the hansum Miss gits

a bit weary ov taffy an goes off wid the school teacher to see sum bars what feeds up back ov this hotel sumtimes too. Them teachers an the professor an the docter had walked up frum the Wylie Camp to ask about our Miss. Then, as the Count wusn't wantin me, an as nothin wus a goin on but talk about that accident, an as two chaps what rites fur newspapers wus a botherin me askin about what kind ov petticoats our young Missis had on an what wus the size ov her shoe, I jus cums up here to me fourth story room under the roof to rite, Sophie Ann, to you. Pooty soon one ov them chaps gits in, pretendin he's a waiter wid a pitcher ov ice water, an gives me five dollars, so I cant help tellin him more nor I ever know about fine petticoats afore. That chap says the hero, as they calls him, runs a cattle ranch in Montany an as if he'd only had a lasso he cud of cotched our Miss a sight easier an yanked her up quick.

I must tell one thing more afore stoppin. When we cum out frum supper there wus a little shower passed over an we seed, archin above the canyon, the charminest rainbow as I've knowd enywhere. Its colorin made that canyon look bilyus. Now, as it's nigh midnight, an I wants this letter to go by the mornin stage, to have you know sooner frum here all we's dun the day, I'll clos her up an rite agen tomorrer evenin. Allus your'n,

Lovin and true,

RUBE SHUFFLE.

P. S.—Hearin a good bit ov talkin in a room

next me since I've bin a ritin, I finds, afore closin, as how the parson's son has met sum udder collige chap here an theys all playin poker wery lively. They gives me two dollars, so I gits seven tonight most easy, sum fur sayin more nor I might an sum fur sayin nothin. It aint the fust time neether.

LETTER NO. 11.

GRAND CANYON HOTEL,
Tuesday Evenin, July 28.

ME DEAR SOPHIE ANN,

TODAY wus our spare day over here an I've had a stirrin time wich I'll now tell about. That darin ranch gent and the parson's son breakfasted amost as early as I dun, havin a plan to walk to Wylie's Camp an the raveen. Knowin as the Count wud snooze late, I gits to go along. Ater trackin down the open road to the raveen woods nigh a thousand foot lower, we soon finds the bunch ov tents there an the professer's party settin by a bonfire. They's wery willin to go sight seein too, so, in a few minnits, we takes a shady trail frum nigh the bridge over Cascade Creek an goes careful down to the rushin river atween its steep banks an on to a flat rock alongside ov the Great Falls. It seems as we wus in a organ gallery ov a mighty big concert hall widout eny roof an all the roarin sounds ov the organ wus turned into water an pourin over by us frum the gallery to the stun floor nigh four hundred feet below. One little jump into that slidin river an a chap wud shoot like a flee frum a fireplug. Whilst we wus lookin along at the slopin sides ov that big canyon wid all them steeples an the

pints we wus out on yesterday, the gents gits talkin busy about the makin ov it. The parson's son, bein a sofomore, aint over bashful, an makes a bluff about heaps ov ice doin the job a sight ov years ago, but the professer, while favorin the young chap sum, has an idee them steeples couldn't have stood the racket an as how a earthquake fust made a thunderin split an then the river an a lot ov springs gits in the bisness an gradual washes all that soft sile away. Whatever it wus, its dun mighty hansum an there must have been golblasted goins on hereabout. It's sich a stunnin show as, when I hears tell ov the droves ov people what goes to Urope an haint seed this here Yellerstun Grand Canyon, it seems wery mortifyin.

Ater standin a while by the top ov them Falls, most ov us wanted to go to the bottom, but not in eny sich a hurry as by jumpin in the river. The collige chap sed as the longest way round was the soonest mended. So, when we gits up to the camp, we leaves the wimen folks an then the professer an the docter walks around wid us to nigh Pint Lookout an way down a mighty steep, nar-rer path on that clay slope to what's called Red Rock at the bottom, where we sees them Falls splendid in front an above us. Its like bein in a orchestra by the drums an big horns instead ov in the peanut gallery. That river seems to pour amost out ov the clouds over the big dam we wus on a wile afore, an the size ov it, an the noise an the spray it throwd about wus sure a snortin

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great show. There's a kind ov nice clean smell in sich a lot ov spray what nun ov them scent makers cud ever put in a bottle.

The great Lower Falls is cert'nly a bigger sight nor eny geysers we seed, but, ater all, its a heap easier to go down than to go up. So, when we starts back on that steep wearyin slope, we gives them geysers their dues complete, even if they slings water up a hundred foot or more only onct a hour. The furder we climbs the furder it seems to the top, an when at lass we's nigh up an stops at a place to blow—the doctor calls it Per-spirashun Pint—we was sweatin that powerful. Him an the professer goes up wid us to the hotel to see if our Miss an the widder wus better ater ther stirrin time yesterday. I spose that young docter wus sort of smellin around fur a little job, but only petticoats wus hurt eny an mendin ov em wus not in his line.

The ladies wus down on the piazzy amongst the udders, an the ranch chap gits thanked agen most proper by em when we cums up, but it seemed as our Miss wus very fretted enyhow. Her an him wus both blushin powerful. Wedder she wusn't likin to be owin so much to the gent because his sister had cut in on the Count sum or because he wus flush raisin cattle instead ov livin on his father's pile, she certain had a very swell way ov actin kind ov mean like. Praps she wus thinkin he'd have bin more genteel if he'd have took holt ov her arm instead ov her petticoat. Enyway, he didn't stop long, even ater

sum udder gals begins givin him more taffy, but his sister lookin on makes a smart play to git even. A party ov gents has roped the Count into a hossback ride up Mount Washburn. She says she's goin too an he must take care ov her, as her brudder means to walk down to the camp agen wid the docter an the professor. I'm beginnin to think that school Miss is mighty pleasin an might live on a nice ranch very contented. But, as to the ride, our Miss has never bin hossback an wont risk it, wich the hansum un knowd. Nigh a dozen gits ready, includin the parson an his son, an the Count has me to go lest anything might happen, him bein no circus rider, whilst I aired hosses for a stable when I wus a young chap. Startin off very cheerful wid a guide, we follows a new road up Cascade Creek Vally, passes by Hedge's Peek an Dunraven Peek, about two thousand foot higher nor the hotel, an, still mostly in hansum pine woods, rides up at lass ater ten miles onto the top ov Mount Washburn, wich is nigh a thousand foot higher yet or, they says, ten thousand four hundred foot over sea. There's a few higher mountings in the Park, but nun so nigh it, so we has a stunnin fine lookout all around. East'rd over the Yellerstun Vally we sees Specimen Ridge an a Mount Morris fur on. Up the vally north is Yancey's, over ten mile frum us. Way over the Tower Creek Vally norwest ov us is Mount Evarts, wich is nigh the Mammoth Hot Springs, an way west over the Gardiner River Vally is the Galletin Range.

Turnin more southwest, the guide shows us, fur off over rollin country, white puffs ov steam frum them different geyser basins we went to, but woods hides all the white dreary places complete. Then cums the Rocky Mountings like a back scene runnin across south'ard, an, in front ov em, just south, the big blue stretch ov water wich is Yellerstun Lake, wid a lot ov mountings east ov it on the pooty little river windin up frum it towards us to whirl into the raven an go jumpin into that big gapin canyon closer by.

The seenry is all that highfalutin an charmin an varus as I'd need a heap ov paper to tell ov it, an all the smaller places I cant now name. It wus that fine I sort ov wondered why them hosses didn't snort whilst they wus lookin about em, instead ov thinkin, likely, they wus a long way frum the stables an switchin off flies. Most ov us leaves gilt edge talkin to that long haired poetry chap an the parson, an they has it neck an neck a wile; but when the parson asks us to see "All the kingdoms ov the world an the glory ov em" an that collige chap says, on the side, as he'd never knowd his fader so mixed up wid old Nick afore, it kind ov breaks me up.

But I soon has me fines to pay fur laughin so improper. When we'r a comin back in them fine mounting woods, the Counts sights somethin like white branches lyin quite a bit off which he says looks as they wus elk horns, an he tells me to git off me hoss an go fetch em. Them elks drops ther head fixins onct a year, being mighty

lucky, as these is so hefty, an good fur nothin except fightin. Then, lyin on the ground sum time, they gits like as they wus whitewashed. Well, I finds a pair ov horns what's mates an lugs em back. They's more nor four foot long wid five or six branchins. Lackin a rope, I has to carry em as I can on me shoulders all that nigh ten mile ride back to this hotel, an atween jabbin me hoss an udder hosses wid em an catchin reins an branches, I puts up a amusin time fur everybody else til the Count gits hit an his coat tore, when it aint so funny fur him. Why elks carries them things onto their heads amost a year jus fur scrap-pin beats me entire. I'd as soon wear all the time them old fashion iron sojer clos I've seed at museums.

At lass we gits to this hotel a bit late fur supper, mostly all tired, but me tireder nor eny feller an wery glad to rest. Howsumever, the hansum Miss wus most lively an smilin, when me boss helps her off her hoss so genteel before our wimen folks on the piazzzy, an she tells our Miss particlar as she's had a lovely time. I spose the spoony talk I heerd the Count givin her on the ride wus her flush hand.

Ater supper, when the young doctor cums up frum the camp with her brudder, he finds her so busy talkin to the Count agen as he tries bowlin on anoder alley, but our Miss isn't puttin up eny pins fur him, so he soon goes back to Wylie's. Her sister is givin the Barren a show onct more in his lingo whilst walkin a bit before the hotel,

his biled leg bein now pooty limber. The widder an the parson has as much breth fur talkin in these here altitudes as enywhere, an udder folks, when I cums up to rite, wus settin mostly along the piazzy lookin at the seenry gittin dim an at sum deer about a pond a short bit down the slope.

Our wagin goes on tomorrer mornin back to the Hot Springs by way of Norrises, but I hears gents say, as wus up on Mount Washburn this aternoon, that the road ought to be frum here up to Yancey's, passin the Tower Falls an on to see the stun trees, then turnin west to the Hot Springs by the Gardiner Falls. Praps it'll be fixed that way sum day, but as things be now this place is about the last show we has on the Park tower. Goin away is only pleasin when I thinks ov seein you.

I've brung them elk horns up to me room, the Count thinkin they'd be safer here, but if sum chap wud promis to steal em to night I'd promise not to wake up eny. Comin up stairs I scraped the walls bad an then knocked two big splinters off the door frame a gittin the pesky things in. Now, havin smoked me last pipefull fur tonight an bein mighty weary frum walkin an ridin amost all day an carryin two horns a sight heftier nor half a dozen ov the sort I cud take along inside so easy, I'll tie up an go to sleep, hopein I may dream as we'r sittin together in sum nice warm kitchin wid all the blinds down an your master an missis off at a party.

Your'n lovin an true, RUBE SHUFFLE.

P. S.—I've been thinkin powerful, now an agen, as who them two folks cud ha' bin that I heerd outside me tent that night at the Upper Basin. The young folks has got so mixed up every day since as its wery confusin to sort em an know who wus makin sich a soft lay out. But I ought to git onto it soon. I forgot to say that today our folks bids the professor's party good-bye durin different meetins, as that party goes frum the camp here early in the mornin to ther last or fust camp at the Willows, six miles frum the Hot Springs Hotel, an frum there tomorrer or the day ater to the cars at Gardiner. So we're not all likely to meet again.

LETTER NO. 12.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS HOTEL,
Thursday, July 30th.

ME DEAR SOPHIE ANN,

Here I be agen at the startin place ov our tower, where we gits back to yesterday, an this letter, wich will be me last ritin frum the Yallerstun Nashnul Park, will tell you how we cum an whatever's interestin here. Like as not ther'll be little things too to hash up, fur amost eny fine spread allus has nice leavins.

Yesterday mornin ater breakfast we drives off in a line ov coaches frum that Grand Canyon Hotel, all very cheerful but me. I wusn't smilin so much owin to them elk horns. In the night I was sleepin good til I dreamed I slipt off Pint Lookout an wus scootin down one ov them slopes right into the Falls. It waked me that complete an that grateful as I thought I'd have a pipe afore riskin eny sort ov sleep agen, but huntin a match in the dark I tumbled into them elk horns, an goin down the slope was a heap more pleasin. The fearful noise me an them horns made in that mix up brung all folks enywhere near out in the halls, sum cryin "murder" an sum "fire." Then I hears sumbody say its a

loonytic or delerius trimmins an all runs in ther rooms an locks ther doors speedy. Meantime I gits out frum among them horns, bad bruised an sore, an has me smoke pluckv an goes to bed agen.

Comin back to our start, I has more bother yet. The horns wus too unhandy to put wid the luggage back ov the stage, so I has to hold em, an onct they hooked the reins so as to turn the hosses nigh down a bank, at wich the widder gives our driver sich a dressin fur bein drunk as he dusn't speak to me fur a mile or two.

Ater startin, we druv down to the raveen, an turnin up to right nigh the Cascade Creek we follers a fine strait avenoo throo the woods west'ard, aimin fur Norrises twelve miles away. In a few miles we pulls over the Yellerstun Ridge Divide risin above eight thousand foot above sea, an havin a big miskito camp somewhar into it. Then, in the open, we passes a place whar the driver says a coach^l wus held up sum years ago an a nicer collecshun took by them road deacons than most churches gits ater a missionary sermon. But a pistol is a sight more persuadin than a preacher. They dont collect that way no more, yet its so interestin to the collige chap as he has the driver tellin ov it fur the next half hour. Then the widder, hearin him, gits that skeered, as she takes off her diments an hides em sumwhar in her clos, an sum she gives around to the gents to hide in their pockets.

Soon we cums to a ruf sort ov little canyon wid a little river what has sum wery pleasin falls,

wich the driver says is the Virginia Cascades. Them's the last new show we seed in this tower, fur a bit later we rolls along a kind ov leper like vally an up to the back ov the Norris House, drivin around to the front piazzy agen to git out fur dinner. We looks about, wery swell like, at sum loads ov greenhorns jus come frum the Hot Springs an troopin out, ater dinner, over the lime basin to see them sort of mean geysers an the Black Growler we wus starin at similar, afore we knowd eny better. So we jus takes a little look agen from the white bank at the bilin Congress nigh us an the winter-appearin plain, an then climbs in our coaches fur the twenty mile drive north'ard to this hotel.

As I've writ of the glass mounting an all else we seed a week sooner, I'll only say now, in passin nigh the Willow Camp, we found the professor's party by the road wavin ther handkerchifs an the hansum Missis' brudd'er wid em, him havin, unbeknown to our wagin load, gone down early in the mornin to the Wylie Camp at the raveen an rid here aside ov that pleasin school teacher. Ater we talks a bit, he gits into the coach wid his family to cum on. Whilst we's a rollin down that fine road in the Golden Gate, the parson tells the widder as the professor says that school Miss is darter of a judge what died poor an as how he teach'd her sum years afore she went schoolin, an thinks she's a mighty fine gal everyway. She's sure a nice, healthy lookin, cheerful young gal to see. I might say, about the

ride, as the wedder gets much cooler nor eny day yet an folks inside was a punchin an pokin each udder considrable whilst puttin on overcoats an wrappins. Even them miskitos mostly went off into the woods to git thicker underclos.

Well, ater passin the Golden Gate an the Hoo-doods, we druv around under that stunnin Jupiter Terris, along by the Liberty Cap in the vally, an trotted up in swell style to this hotel, glad to see everything about agen. It was then about four o'clock yesterday aternoocn. More green-horns, what had cum at noon, wus lined along on the piazzzy, wery curus to see how folks looked as had played the game entire, an the hotel people wus wery polite a welcomin ov us back. Sum ov our stage loads wus a goin ater supper on to Gardiner to the railroad cars, but us an the han-sum Missis' family fixed to stay here a day more. So our ladies goes to their rooms to rest an our gents, ater washin up an gittin shaved, sits in that big flag dressed hall readin papers only three days old an letters waitin em here, an talkin wid new comers about stocks an udder news they has, an about our tower.

When the stages gits away ater early supper, the rest ov us eats our'n easy as them coons will let us. Then a good many goes out on the piazzzy to walk a bit an look about at the big steamin white bank an the mountings here agen ater sunset, but soon cums in frum the coolness to set around an listen to the band until dancin begins. It's sure pleasin to hear that music playin so fine

when we've had only piannys since. The hansum Missis' brudder an the parson wus a talkin wery earnest off in a corner. The Barren I didn't see, but thought jus then as he might have put his biled leg to bed early. All the rest ov our set wus a talkin that social as if nothin vexin an spiteful had bin a goin on enytime, an when dancin begins the Count an the hero an the parson's son dus the genteel all around.

I couldn't take it in at all til a hour later when I wus a settin in the dark like on the piazzy an the two Misses slipped out together. Our Miss says, "And your really engaged to some one else?" an the hansum un says back, "Yes, indeed, an you may have him all to yourself, I wus only havin sum fun." With that our Miss speaks up, "Oh, I dont want him, dear; he's not really a Count an he didn't take a step to save me that day. Your brudder is——" She didn't finish as, sudden, they seed me an put into the hall agen; but, a bit ater, our Miss cums out, pretendin she's bin lookin fur me all the evenin, to give me a fiver, she says, fur helpin to pull her up on that Pint. When I tells her I'll never say nothin about it, the amusin look she gives me is wery cute. Ater dancin wus over, sumthin else was showed up, an it took but half a minnit to do it. The Count comes out to the steps wid the hansum Miss to git cool, an on his askin, chance like, if the Upper Basin wusn't more interestin, she jus says as how its a wery hopeless sort of place an then says its so late she must really go up

stairs, wich she really dun. I ought to ov knowd me boss' voice better that night in me tent enyway. Well, ater he gits that in the neck, he puts off fur sum cold tea.

Tho last night wus wery interestin, today has bin a heap more so, frum two surprisin things you wud never have eny notion ov, Sophie Ann, if I didn't now tell em. The fust wus about the Barren. When he didnt show up at breakfast nor a while ater, me boss sends me to his room to see if his biled leg was sore frum the long ride yesterday. Not findin him, I asks all about an hears as he slipped on one ov them stages last evenin jus afore it started an whilst we wus fur along the piazzy. I thought it wusn't wery gentleel ov him to go off so sudden an forget that five he borrored, but when I tells our folks they gits talkin most lively, an the more they talks the madder they is. It cums out as, ater pretendin to lose his wallet, he scoops all our gents on the quiet fur a loan, til he can git, he says, a roll of bills left in the safe here frum bein too large to risk carryin on the tower. The Count wus that easy as he got soaked fur clus to a hundred dollars. Then the Barren quite forgits to pass back a dimant ring wich the widder has him hide yesterday aternoon on the stage, an, as well, a ruby set locket what her younger Miss lets him take, two days back, to fit a wery small foto ov the falls into. Her sister thinks, too, as he's got a pearl pin wich she lost that time she slid at the Pint. Enyway, he's fur off east or west on the

railroad now, but he wus that polite, as a hotel clerk jus then came an told us, to send his good-bye to his friends an tell em how bisness letters took him away wery sudden, an as he wud remember all they dun fur him a long time. What our folks wus most sorry about was not knowin where he lived, bein wery eager to meet him agen. The only uns not frettin so much wus the hansum Miss an her brudder an parints an the parson.

Pooty soon we knowd why. Two speshul wagins druv up an that brudder asks the rest ov us to a little drive to the Wylie Camp. All takin to that idee, we wus soon climbin along the Golden Gate road agen, an in a bit over a hour gits to the Willows. Them tents wus all that fine fixed wid flowers an branches, an the professor's party an everybody there wus that smilin an merry, as sum ov us thought sure it wus a holiday or, least ways, the professor's birthday. But, ater we gits out, the widder an her Missis an the Count wus nigh dumbfounded when the parson up an tells em as how he's a goin to marry the school Miss to the hansum Missis' brudder. That blushin pair then has to stand up agin sich a lot ov talkin an sich a lot ov kissin among the wimen folks as wud knock amost eny body silly; but, by an by, when the pins is set proper an all's ready fur a ten strike, the parson bosses the game in great shape, an in ten minnits that fine lookin school teacher's dun up so complete as she'll never

ring a school bell agen. When I says this to the parson's son, he says its because that bran new husband is ringin the school bell now, but I dont quite git on.

Well, there's a lot more kissin an shakin hands an talkin under the trees where the splicin job wus dun so easy. Then there's a lunch in the big tent, wid wine frum nobody knows where, an tall spoutin by the professor an the parson an the husband's fader about the union ov bravery an larnin on these here smilin Rocky Mountings, wich they says is high an steady as true love an endurin as faith an hope ought to be. At lass the two wagins drives up agen an the bride, ater a lot more kisses, gits in the fust un wid her husband an his folks to start back to the hotel, us follerin an wavin good by to Mister an Mrs. Professor, the docter, the two school Misses left over, an the Wylie croud all about.

I fancy that docter has the idee of interestin one of them remainin teachers in a infant school sum day.

On the way back, I hears the widder sayin as western folks has too sudden a way ov marryin to suit her idees an as no gal brung up proper wud go off that way, even if her gent wus in good sassiety, til she had a good lay out of clos, howsumever poor she might hav bin. The parson sed they ought to have waited til they cud be jined in a church; but seein as the young man wus wery well spoke ov, an rich, an needed to git back speedy to his ranches an mines, an as the pro-

fesser couldn't say enuf praisin that young woman, an as they took to each udder most on-usual, he felt he dun right an made em both a heap happier. I fancy his tip made him a heap happier too.

When we gits back here before three o'clock, the Count sees to his railroad tickets an gits leave to take them elk horns out ov the Park, whilst I packs up his suit cases an the washing left over here an then rites more on this letter, wich was begun early.

Now there's scarce eny more to tell. We takes one ov the stages ater early supper to drive down to the cars at Gardiner, makin about a hundred an fifty miles ov coachin we've dun, an, as folks is all new about the hotel, there's no call to stay longer. The weddin party's a goin sumwhere in Montany. The widder an her Missis has tickets fur Californy. The professor's set takes in Salt Lake on ther way home sum where east, and the parson and his son makes tracks for York state. So me an the Count goes back to Chicago about alone, but he's goin to take a flat there an says he likes me that well as he'll keep me fur vally reglar.

Now, Sophie Ann, I'll end up all these letters I've writ so lovin by tellin you a curus dream I had lass night. There wus a big merry-go-round, like them you've seed at summer places, an the parson an his son, an the widder an her darters, an the hansum Missis' folks, an the professor's party, an the Count an me an the Barren, wus all

settin on them wooden hosses an lions an bars an giraffs an tigers an whirlin around an around to steam tunes an grabbin at little rings. All the rest wus gittin iron rings an throwin em away, sum burnin ther fingers, but me, setting on a yellor deer wid horns big as them elk's, keeps grabbin an grabbin til at lass I gits the gold un.

Hopein, dear, as this means me an you is to be spliced yet an live happy ever after, I'm your'n,

Lovin an true,

RUBE SHUFFLE.

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